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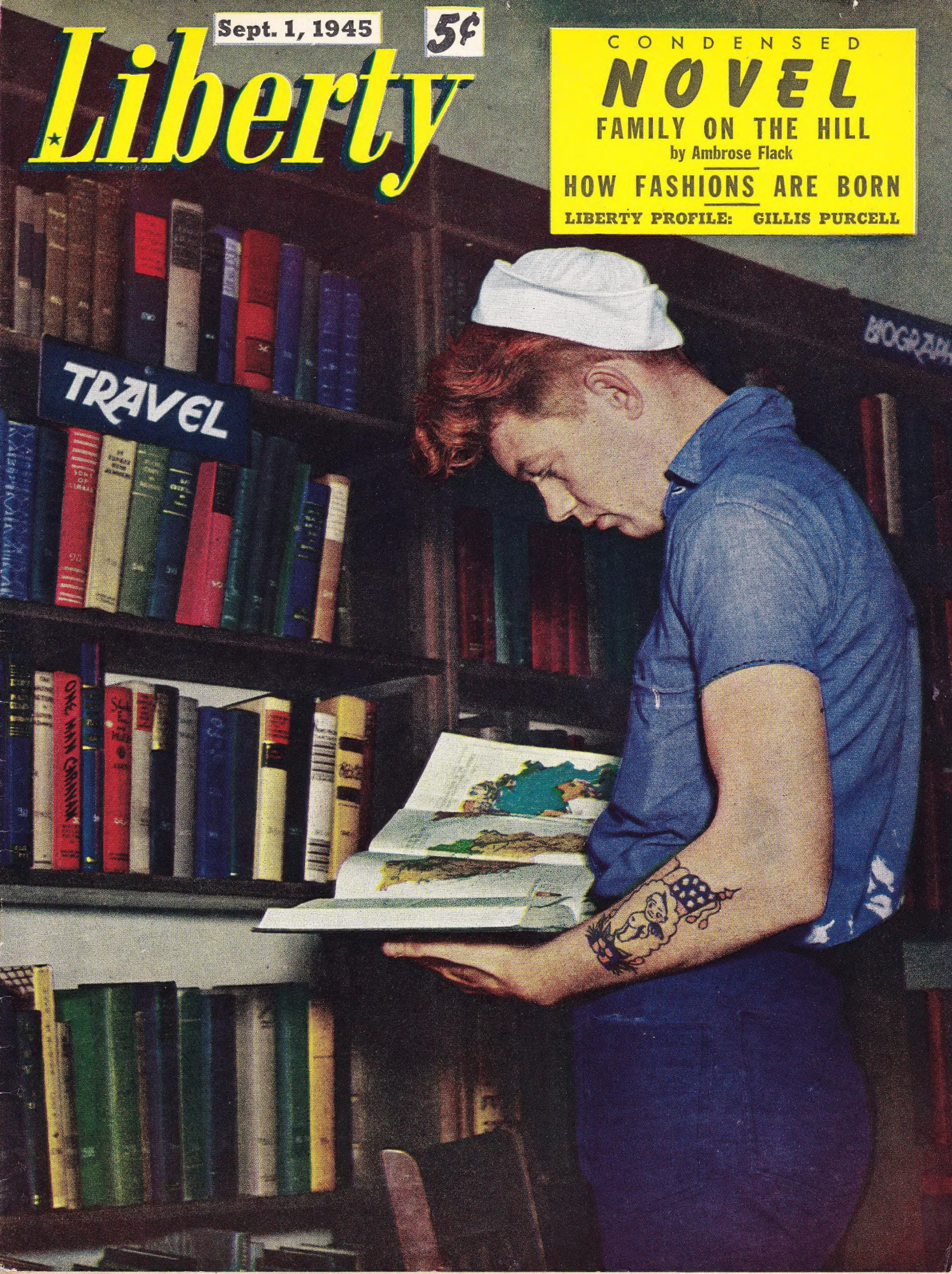
# Liberty

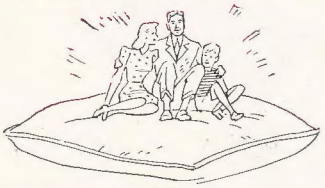
CONDENSED
## NOVEL
**FAMILY ON THE HILL**
by Ambrose Flack

**HOW FASHIONS ARE BORN**

**LIBERTY PROFILE: GILLIS PURCELL**



# Do I look like a guy who wants a cushion?



● I made twenty jumps over Europe. Tough ones! And that'll be all about that. Now I'm going to work. And, Brother, I can work as hard as I can fight—and for the same beautiful reasons: the honey I married before I went over and the baby I saw for the first time when I came back. I'll tell the world they're worth it!

Jumpin' into a job! And this time I got me a cushion!

Why? Because I can fight and I can work, but I can't stand worry. And for a guy with a wife and kid, havin' some dough in the sock is the best way not to worry. Sure, there'll be unemployment insurance and social security, and I'm for 'em. But me, I want my own private cushion. And I got it!

What is it? Victory Bonds, of course! As long as I hang onto them, I can spend more of what I make at work, without worryin'.

In fact I'm goin' to sock away some of what I make for more Victory Bonds—because, Brother, I like my cushions King size!

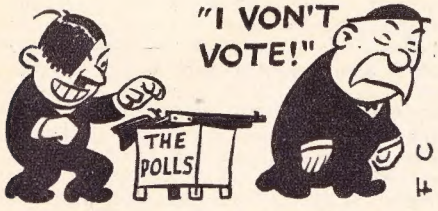
PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE AS A CONTRIBUTION TO THE WORK OF THE NATIONAL WAR FINANCE COMMITTEE

# ★ VOX POP ★

## *"The Voice of the People"*

### MUCH BETTER

CANADIAN ARMY OVERSEAS—Since I am at present in Germany, I was particularly interested in the statement in your editorial, Upkeep of Democracy (June 16), that when the German people lost interest in their government, they lost their govern-




ment. I am sure your figures are correct, but it is still amazing that in the 1940 election in Canada only two thirds of the voters bothered to visit the polls. I wonder if we did better this time?—*Sgt. L. A.*

More Canadians voted in June of 1945 than in any previous election. In 1940, 4,600,000 went to the polls; this time, 5,200,000. The service vote was disappointingly light, since less than half of the 750,000 men and women in uniform cast a vote.—VOX POP EDITOR.

### SO DOES RUDOLPH

SWAN RIVER, MAN.—Laying aside my favorite mail-order catalogue, I was pleased to read The Secret History of the War, by Waverley Root (June 30). It confirms all I have read in our Bear Creek Observer and heard in our beer parlor. By putting two and two together and taking one away, we can form a pretty good idea of what went on behind the scenes.

I have often wondered what Rudolph Hess had in mind to do when he flew to Britain. Now I know. So does Rudolph. —*Fred Twilley.*

### RAIN OR SHINE

VANCOUVER, B. C.—I received my regular copy of Liberty from the boy who brings it to my home every week, rain or shine. As usual I opened up on Shane's weekly effusion, then I read Mr. Rutledge's editorial, and finally on to the Short Report, Mr. Averageman Is *It* (July 7). It knocked me cold when I found that my suggestion had been considered suitable for the Short Report page.

Your check and presentation copy of this issue arrived with today's mail.—*A. C. Jordan.*

### DEBT ACKNOWLEDGED

KILLARNEY, MAN.—I consider your editorial, Better a Half-Miracle (July 14), the most constructive summing-up of the present world situation I have read anywhere. If Liberty can get that point of view across, maybe there needn't be another war—anyway, not in this century. And if Liberty can't, probably there will be. So far as I have observed, no other Canadian publisher is making any attempt to cultivate such relations between Russia and the rest of us as will give world peace a decent chance.

You have placed peace-loving people everywhere in your debt. I can't pay that debt, but at least I can acknowledge it. —*Glen Allen.*

### FOUR STARS

THE PAS, MAN.—May I suggest that a subject for a Liberty Profile in the near future should be Isabelle McEwan? She is one of my four-star radio entertainers, a grading which I learned from Liberty's movie reviews.—*Cactus.*

### INFLATION AND DEFLATION

PUNXSUTAWNEY, PA.—The sign, "Shave 25¢," in your cover picture of the sailor and the barber caused some confusion when my sister-in-law's nurse went to purchase that issue of your magazine at

our local drugstore. Pointing to the sign on the cover, he asked her for a quarter. "No, I want the magazine, not a shave," she told him. Your magazine is well worth twenty-five cents, I admit.—*I. D. O'Brien.*

### BADLY DECEIVED

ORRVILLE, ONT.—Apropos of the assertion of Mrs. T. W. Wood (July 14 Vox Pop) in corroborating the erroneous views of Ted Shane that hell is a "most devilish invention" to deceive the people, and her own statement that "Every enlightened person should know that hell is the grave," whence does this illumination come? God's Holy Word is clear in its teaching of hell as a place of eternal torment. If it is a devilish invention, then it must be agreed that Satan is the author of the Bible, and that Jesus Christ must have been badly deceived. If hell is the grave, then for what purpose is the resurrection and judgment? These heretical views are the devilish inventions designed to lead gullible people into the very place they try most to deny. —*Rev. C. G. Fester.*

### EVERY TIME

WINNIPEG, MAN.—Regarding the cooking by gas vs. cooking by electricity debate (July 14 Vox Pop), and Mr. Gorton's statement that "Where the housewife has a choice, she selects gas 20 to 1," the fact is that the housewife has little choice and therefore takes what is available.

In Winnipeg the public is served by a municipal electric utility and by a private company selling both gas and electricity.

*Boccherini*
**SCUOLA DI BALLO**
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**Set J86 – $2.75**

The lively rhythms, tuneful melodies and sparkling gaiety of this music will captivate all who hear it. They will discover, to their own pleasure, that the eighteenth century composer, Luigi Boccherini, composed something besides the famous Minuet. Scuola di Ballo is a one-act ballet based on Goldoni's comedy of the same name, and music taken from Boccherini compositions, arranged and orchestrated by the contemporary French pianist and composer, Jean Françaix. This will rival the popularity of Columbia set J13 – "Gaité Parisienne" – (Antal Dorati & the London Philharmonic).

**New Morton Gould Album!**
Set D134 – $4.75 – "After Dark" features glittering arrangements of "Temptation"; "Speak Low"; "Dancing In the Dark"; "Besame Mucho"; "That Old Black Magic"; "I Get A Kick Out of You"; "I've Got You Under My Skin"; "The Very Thought of You".

**Columbia**
masterworks records
are made in Canada at London by
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"Radio's Richest Voice"

The former, having no investment in gas supply, has intensively promoted the "cook by wire" idea. Over 70 per cent of all homes here use electric ranges and water heaters as compared to 30 for gas, coal, wood, etc. Practically 100 per cent of all new homes are all electrical, except furnace. Average cooking bill—$1.80 per month.

The housewife can have a real choice in Winnipeg, and it's electricity every time —*F. J. Malby.*

## A "MOURNFUL" TUNE

MONTREAL, QUE.—I applaud Disgusted and jeer Constant Reader (July 7 Vox Pop). The latter cannot be in earnest when he or she says that O Canada is a "mournful" tune. It seems to me that a mournful tune would be much truer of God Save the King, said anthem sounding almost like a funeral hymn. Of course, the words of our anthem are all right; as loyal subjects we all wish the King good. It is too bad that we express it so sadly.

As for a flag or emblem, why should our country not have its own when other parts of the British Empire, maybe less important, have theirs?

Looks like Constant Reader is content to be a mere speck of dust in the whole business.—*Fighter.*

WINNIPEG, MAN.—Canada is a nation by law—one of the British Commonwealth of Nations. No nation—no Commonwealth of Nations. No flag—no nation.

As for an anthem, how about a new one entirely, embracing the sentiment of a United Canada?—*H. G. Jackson.*

## SIXTEEN YEARS OF CRITICISM

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.—I've been criticizing Liberty to myself for over sixteen years now, hence this note.

You have always arranged the contents to suit the times. You have not cluttered up Liberty with cooking pages, beauty hints, and heart problems. You have rarely printed an article or a fiction story that has been dull.

Your consistency is much to be commended.—*Mrs. D. Graham.*

## UNCLE DAN ON MAIN STREET

WINTER HAVEN, FLA.—Liberty owes me fifty cents, a hard-to-get "A" gas coupon, and a few postage stamps—all because it printed what I believe to be the finest yarn in many years—Uncle Dan Drops In, by Neill C. Wilson (June 23). I spent the money and gas hunting for extra copies of your magazine to give to a few news writers.

As a working newspaperman for nigh on twenty-five years, I have always contended that names make news, and that the small-town newspaper, such as the Clarinda Argus, had a very particular job to do in reporting the happenings of Main Street and of Dunbar Street. Too many small-town newspapers ape the bigger sheets; they either struggle along with an unnecessary wire service built for larger papers, or clip the morning and noon editions of the near-by big-city dailies. They ignore the happenings about town.

"Flush left" heads, streamline and departmental make-up, and too much attention to wire news have done a lot toward taking the "home" out of home-town newspapering.

But there'll come a day when Uncle Dan will again be welcome on any small paper. Wanta bet?—*Jack Gurnett.*


**J. L. RUTLEDGE, Publisher**

**C. J. HARRIS, Editor**

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# NEXT WEEK—SEPTEMBER 8, 1945

THERE'S no reconversion pessimism among Canada's car makers, for their opinion is that to satisfy a five-year boom market that will demand a million new cars there'll be more peacetime jobs in the industry than ever before. In YOUR NEXT NEW CAR, Larry Gough examines the industry, and offers the latest news on when you'll be getting a new automobile and what it will be like. . . . Embolisms, which are simple little blood clots, have always ranked high on medicine's list of murderers. In his article, CURBING THE CLOT THAT KILLS, Dr. Robert H. Feldt tells how science has discovered a new drug in the product of the farm hayfield that keeps embolisms from forming. . . . John C. Holland of Hamilton, reports William Marshall Gillrie in his LIBERTY PROFILE, is not only the best known and best loved Red Cap in Canada, but is also an unofficial ambassador of racial good will of no little importance. Son of a runaway slave and a railway station porter by vocation, Mr. Holland is by avocation the minister (unpaid) of a church that consistently attracts visitors of all creeds and all kinds.


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*Liberty's* SHORT REPORT:

# A NEW GENEVA FOR A NEW WORLD

IT is likely that by the time this appears in print the United Nations will have settled on a headquarters for their standing organization. It is also likely that the chosen site will not be in Canada. At the moment of writing, however, the Geneva of the brave new world may well be any place you want to name: Paducah, Medicine Hat, or even Upper Sandusky. While Medicine Hat has not been seriously suggested as a suitable spot for future meetings of the molders of international relations, at least three other Canadian locations have been put forward.

Quebec city was the first place on record to offer its hospitality to the United Nations. Quebec, the city fathers feel, has or can easily arrange to provide everything that would be required by the organization, up to and including a twenty-million-dollar United Nations Palace to be situated on the historic Plains of Abraham.

Quebec is ready to go all the way in providing facilities for the organization: architects have already drawn up plans for the proposed palace as well as for big new hotels and housing projects. City planners have announced that it would be easy to enlarge existing airports in the area and to build a super-seaplane base at the foot of the cliffs directly under the proposed site of the palace.

**Is there some aspect of Canadian life that you think would make a suitable topic for Liberty's Short Report page? We'll pay $5 for each suggestion accepted. Send your idea to Short Report Editor, Liberty, 85 Richmond Street West, Toronto (1). This week's Short Report topic was suggested by Mrs. Della Giffin of Sarnia, Ontario.**

Supporters of the plan claim that Quebec offers many advantages as a world peace center, pointing out that the population is bi-lingual and that the city enjoys a central spot in the world now that northern air routes have been highly developed and proved.

Whatever city does get the nod will have its work cut out in preparing living and working accommodations for representatives of the fifty-one United Nations. The organization will necessarily be a large one, and it is entirely probable that it will grow even larger as its work develops. At the moment it is divided into five sections: Assembly; Security Council; Economic and Social Council; International Court of Justice, and Permanent Secretariat.

The Assembly will consist of all delegates from the fifty-one United Nations. This body will elect the six temporary members of the Security Council, decide on membership, set the budget and divide expenses, co-ordinate policies of world agencies, and make recommendations.

The World Security Council is to consist of eleven members, including the six temporary members who will be elected by the Assembly. Five members of the Council will be permanent, one each from the United Kingdom, United States, Russia, China, and France. With the Council will lie the main responsibility for the maintenance of world peace and security. It will decide sanctions against aggressor nations, encourage peaceful settlement of disputes, and apply force wherever and whenever it is necessary.

The Economic and Social Council consists of eighteen members to be elected by the Assembly. Its duties are to initiate social and economic studies and to co-ordinate whatever agencies are engaged in social and economic work and research. The establishment of this Council was generally regarded, at the time of its formation, as the most important single step that the United Nations had yet taken.

The International Court of Justice will exist to apply the principles of law in international relations. It's a nice trick if it can be done, and it looks now, for the first time, as though a body exists that could actually do it.

The Secretariat will consist of all the hundreds of clerks, secretaries, stenographers, recorders, and messengers who will be the mechanical staff of the organization.

It's not hard to understand, when you realize the size of the organization that will operate for the United Nations, why a country or a city would be eager to be chosen as headquarters. Fifty-one countries will be paying for the upkeep of the people involved, while one country will provide the goods and services required to keep those people in operation.

The other two Canadian sites that have been proposed for this head office, besides Quebec city, are Navy Island and Sugar Island. Supporters of both places think they have excellent reasons for their choice.

Navy Island is a 300-acre island in the Niagara River about two miles above the Horseshoe Falls. It is owned by Canada but is apparently administered by the same international Parks Commission that looks after most of the property adjacent to the famous international waterfalls. It is about half a mile from both the Canadian and the U. S. shores.

The other island is not so well-known, nor so centrally located, but it has had its big moments in world history. Sugar Island, or George Island as it was once called, lies in the St. Marys River near Sault Sainte Marie and has been owned by both U. S. and Britain at various times. A hundred years ago it was the center of a long-drawn-out dispute.

After the war of 1812, when a commission was set up to determine various boundaries that were being disputed, Sugar Island was one of the biggest problems to handle; both countries claimed it. Finally the U. S. government offered to make some concessions if the British government would abandon its claim to the island. Most important of the concessions was the right of British travelers to use any of the three channels in the river which had formerly been entirely under U. S. control.

This was agreed to, and there has been no trouble about the matter since. This amicable settlement of a tough problem through arbitration, one of the first cases of its kind in the world, is the reason why some people have been boosting Sugar Island as the appropriate spot for United Nations' meetings. Its record, they feel, might be an inspiration for the settlement of future international problems.—*L. G.*


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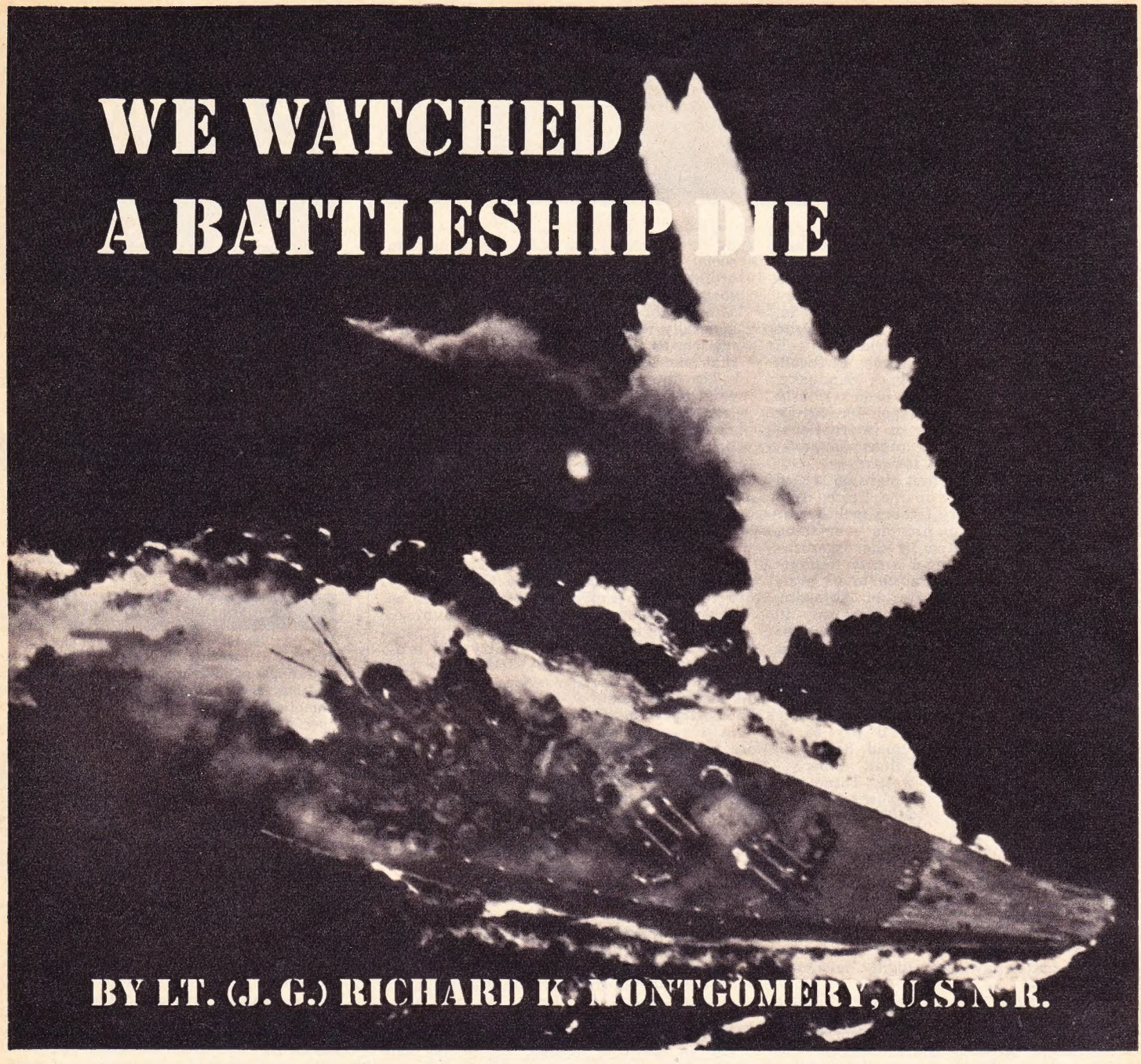
# WE WATCHED A BATTLESHIP DIE



BY LT. (J. G.) RICHARD K. MONTGOMERY, U.S.N.R.

The doomed Yamato, 42,000-ton prize battleship of the Jap fleet, as our carrier planes roared in to finish her off with bomb and torpedo.

THE dispatch said, "Load with torpedoes."

The howl of delight in our ready room was still mounting when one of the pilots began to sketch a picture on the blackboard.

"Take a good look at it, fellows," said our skipper, twenty-seven-year-old Lieutenant Thomas H. Stetson, U. S. N., of Albany, New York. "That's a torpedo, remember? We haven't even seen one in six months. Do you suppose you still know how to drop 'em?"

Before sundown that night, Stets and his pilots had struck a deathblow to the remnants of Japan's once proud Imperial fleet, putting twelve of their thirteen "fish" into enemy warships and sinking the huge 42,000-ton battleship Yamato and a light cruiser of the Agano class.

The Japs had decided to gamble. Our invasion of Okinawa was seven days old, and Tokyo must have figured that our fleet would retire to refuel and rebomb after so many days of continuous support of the landing force. On the contrary, the fleet was waiting and ready—complete with a full roster of carriers and battleships which Tokyo Rose had been so busy sinking all week. Everybody realized that this would be one of the mightiest naval air attacks ever launched.

The Jap force, scouting planes said, numbered one large battleship, two cruisers, and about ten destroyers. You could have lost it in one of the many task groups that make up Admiral Marc A. Mitscher's mighty task force.

Yet against this mediocre force we were sending torpedo planes, dive bombers, and fighters. When the figures came over our ready-room teletype, the boys stared in amazement, then whooped and hollered. But our flight officer, Lieutenant (j. g.) Clyde "Ugh" Lee of Los Angeles, lamented, "With that mess of planes, there probably won't be anything left for us to hit when we get there."

Soon the noise quieted down as the pilots donned their flight gear, rechecked their Mae Wests and safety equipment, and began to plot in their navigational data. Navigation done, the skipper began giving last-minute instructions. Earlier, Stets had reviewed the tactics to be employed, and I, as the air combat Intelligence officer, had given the pilots the latest available information on the Jap force and briefed them on our air-sea rescue plans, in case they were shot down. Everything had been covered.

At last the ready-room teletype began its rhythmic thumping, and on the screen the order read:

"Pilots man your planes. Hubba! Hubba! Hubba!"

The pilots picked up the chant—"Hubba! Hubba! Hubba!"—which in their slang means, "Come on, fellow, get a move on," and they streamed from the ready room.

I felt anxious. I pictured our Avengers flying through a solid curtain of antiaircraft fire, and I wondered how many of them would come back. But if the boys themselves shared my concern, they didn't

**The myth that a battleship could not be sunk by air power has been well exploded in this war. But here, for the first time, is an eyewitness account of how it's done. And this time it's the Jap's Yamato which rolls belly-up and sinks**

show it. Stets had a twinkle in his eye as he waved good-by and cracked, "I'll bring you back a piece of the battleship."

Other squadrons from other task groups already were on their way when our planes took off for the target, now 260 miles to the northwest. The weather was murky, with a solid overcast at 2,000 feet. At times you could see barely five miles.

When the Jap warships finally hove in view, just after one in the afternoon, it was plain they already had been hit. Their formation was scattered, and two cruisers lay dead in the water—one badly afire and sinking. But the biggest prize of all, Nippon's proud battleship Yamato, was steaming away at a brisk twenty knots, heading southwest. She appeared undamaged, save for a fire amidships.

The flight leader, from another carrier, immediately split our task group's planes into two sections. All planes from one carrier would tackle the sinking cruiser and the battleship. The others, including our own carrier's planes, would clean up the second cruiser.

BEFORE attacking, our planes made a wide sweep around the enemy force to make sure that other surface units were not hiding in the rain squalls that dotted the area. As it happened, this ten-minute delay paid rich dividends. Our planes were still sweeping when the flight leader from the other carrier called out, "We've hit the battleship pretty hard. A few more torpedoes should roll her over."

With one cruiser already sinking and only one cruiser left to attack, Stets saw the chance he had been hoping for. Immediately he asked for permission to finish off the battle wagon.

"Can you split your force?" asked Lieutenant Commander Herbert N. Houck of River Falls, Wisconsin, commander of our air group. "If so, put half against the battleship and half on the cruiser."

"Yes, sir!" Stetson replied.

"Then go ahead, and good luck!"

Stetson and the five other pilots in his division broke away from the formation and headed for the big baby. From a safe distance, beyond AA fire, they surveyed their prey. She was showing signs of the earlier attack. Her speed was cut to ten to fifteen knots, and her hull was listing ten degrees. Yet she was far from finished.

"One thought," Stetson recalls, "ran through my mind: What a set-up for a starboard run!"

With her hull listing to port, she was indeed vulnerable to attack from the starboard side. Her hull was cocked at an angle that would raise her armor plate nearer the surface and tilt her thin belly into position to receive the full force of the torpedoes. Meanwhile Stetson concluded that a normal torpedo attack would be an invitation to suicide. The Yamato bristled with guns, and her five-inch and 40-mm. batteries were blazing away like mad, their fire augmented by an intense barrage from each of her four screening destroyers.

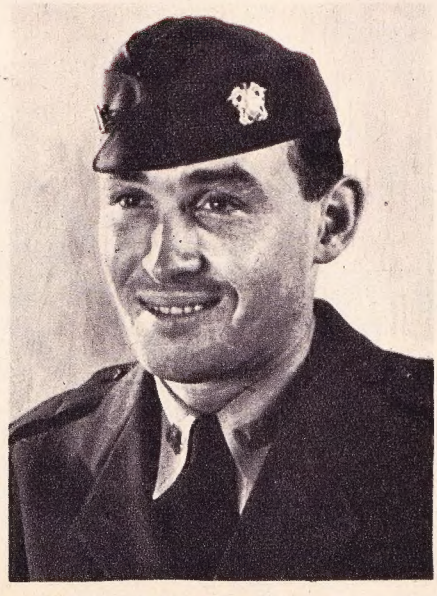
Facing that stuff would be dangerous enough even if you came barreling down at 300 miles an hour. But today the clouds were at 2,000 feet. If you stayed below them to see your target, you couldn't get up speed enough to give yourself a ghost of protection. And if you came in slow, Stetson knew, those gunners would pick you off like clay pigeons, perhaps even before you had a chance to drop your torpedo.

Stetson explained, "I figured I'd better climb into the clouds until I got enough altitude, then come diving down at high speed, pop out, and make a hit-and-run attack. At least, that's how I planned it in my mind."

And that's just how it worked. It was, of course, almost literally a shot in the dark and a desperate one. His six Avengers would have to chance it alone against the battleship and her four destroyers. This time they couldn't count on fighters to silence AA guns and divert fire. With fighters, too, there would be too much danger of collision.

So, all alone, Stetson's six Avengers skirted the Yamato and drew abeam on her port side. Here he led his flight up into the overcast, climbing through misty clouds which shielded them from observation from the ship, yet were thin enough so that each plane could keep the others in sight.

Flying the compass, they felt their way to a position four and one half miles off the Yamato's bow, and there—with nothing but clouds before them—began their screaming high-speed dive. They popped through the overcast at 2,000 feet two miles away. In a flash, Stetson saw he was a trifle too far out and ducked back into the clouds again before the Yamato's gunners spotted him. A few seconds later they ducked down again. This time their position was perfect. The battleship lay dead ahead at 2,500 yards.



Lt. Thomas H. ("Stets") Stetson, whose flight sank the battleship Yamato. After their torpedoes hit, they saw her blow up.

Four planes were flying roughly abreast now—Stetson, Lieutenants (j. g.) William Collins of Bridgeport, Connecticut; William Gibson, Jr., of Huntington, West Virginia; and John Kirwin of Union City, Indiana. The other two were somewhat behind and above them—Lieutenants (j. g.) John Carter of Portland, Oregon, and Grady Jean of El Dorado, Arkansas.

Hard on the Yamato's beam the first four came and dropped their fish. By good fortune, the big ship was turning to port, thereby exposing the full broadside expanse of her enormous hull to the converging torpedoes.

Carter and Jean saw the first ones hit even before they had a chance to drop their own fish. Three explosions sent up geysers of water from amidships to bow, two of the torpedoes hitting so close together that they made a single blast.

As the Yamato continued her turn to port, Jean bore in on the bow to deliver another lethal blow near her forward turret. Carter swerved astern and sent his torpedo racing across the vessel's wake to hit her on the inside of her turn on the port quarter, close to the fantail.

BY now the Jap guns were blazing away with a murderous barrage that filled the air with black puffs. It didn't seem possible anyone could fly through that stuff, with every gun on the Yamato and her four destroyers concentrating on the six planes. Miraculously, though three Avengers were hit, not one was badly damaged. Collins had the closest call. A 20-mm. shell tore into his wing stub, right beside his main fuel tanks. It was an explosive shell, but luck was with him. It was a dud. Once clear of the worst of it, all six planes circled to survey the damage they had done. Plainly the battleship had suffered mortal wounds, for even in this short time she had listed more sharply, and great clouds of smoke were gushing from her hull.

Five minutes elapsed, however, before the full effect of the attack could be seen. Suddenly, as if a child had pushed over a toy ship, the high tower of her superstructure toppled into the sea, her hull rolled until nearly all of her bottom was visible—and then it happened. A column of flame swallowed the entire ship and rose blood-red to the clouds, 2,000 feet into the sky. There the fiery mass billowed into a giant mushroom top, like a thunderhead.

For several seconds the fiery column hung there, then faded into swirling grayish black smoke. When this cleared, there was no trace of the Yamato save a vast slick on the ocean and tiny bits of debris. Her boilers, magazines—everything—must have blown up at once. Perhaps 3,000 Japs perished in the blast.

"It was the most breath-taking sight I've ever seen," recalled Grady Jean. "It made me tingle inside to know that I'd helped to do it. I felt as if I'd really done something in this war."

Meanwhile, ten miles away, another dramatic scene had unfolded. The crippled Agano-class cruiser, which the other planes were attacking, was smashed to pieces and sunk in an air assault which, for concentrated fury, is unexcelled in this war.

When Stetson broke away to tackle the Yamato, the rest of the air group circled the cruiser, while Lieutenant Commander Houck sought an opening in the clouds. He wanted altitude to give the dive bombers a chance for a halfway decent attack. Under ideal conditions, they would have made a seventy-degree dive from 12,000 or

(*Continued on page 47*)

# Meng Kai's

BY WALTER C. BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

"When the Japanese come, Sang Poh, your books will be safe, but if you are wise, you will hide your daughter Mei-An from their sight."

# Day of Glory

***To one Meng Kai, Destiny had dealt out sorrow and beggary; to another, wealth and honors. Then for one glorious day the beggar had a taste of the rich man's life—and learned the price that had to be paid for it***

THE sole possessions of Meng Kai the beggar were these: trousers and shirt of cheap blue cotton, a coolie hat, and a pair of broken straw sandals; a wooden begging bowl and a strip of matting to sit upon; a pilgrim's wallet containing a teapot, a packet of tea, a pair of chopsticks, a bamboo pipe, a pouch of tobacco, and four letters from Meng Lee, his only son, who was a soldier in the armies of Marshal Chiang.

Meng Kai was tall and lean, with clipped gray hair and work-worn hands. His face, marked by sorrowful memories, showed a grim patience. There were other marks upon his face, too—the deeply graven lines of hunger.

For Meng Kai was not very successful at his enforced profession. With war in the land and the city swarming with countless other penniless refugees like himself, competition was calamitous. And all the choicest spots—the great bazaars and market squares, the busy gateways of temples and *yamens* and *hongs*—were carefully portioned out among the duly registered members of the ancient and honorable Beggars' Guild.

That the Beggars' Guild had lost none of its legendary power Meng Kai had learned very soon after his entrance into this new profession. For in his simple ignorance he had spread his mat at a sunny wall near the Milo Fo Temple, shaking his begging bowl and crying, "Do good! Do good!" to the passers-by.

But he had scarcely settled himself when a scowling scar-faced fellow carrying a heavy black stick had borne down upon him, crying, "Away! Be off with you! This corner has been lawfully rented by the Beggars' Guild to Chu Gow the blind, who sits yonder. Would you steal the rice from his bowl?"

"But—but—" Meng Kai had stammered, "are not the streets free to all men?"

"*Hai!*" You dare defy the power of the Guild?" the hulking fellow had snarled, and with his black stick smashed Meng's bowl into splinters. "Take warning now, and be gone! This time I break only your bowl. Next time I break your head! Away with you—*chop-chop!*"

Never in this world was Meng Kai likely to amass the silver pieces needed to purchase membership in the Guild, so he was forced to keep to the lesser streets, to the lanes and byways and crooked *hutungs* where traffic was sparse and hours could pass without so much as a single brass *cash* being tossed into his bowl.

Of course Meng Kai was free to turn his back on the teeming city and seek for work along the countryside. But to leave the city meant to sever connection with his friend Sang Poh, the bespectacled bookseller of Green Buddha Square, who was Meng Kai's one and only link with his distant soldier son. Lee's letters came to him through Sang Poh's shop, and Meng feared that if he left the city they could not be forwarded, and the last frail link binding him to his son would be broken.

For Meng Kai loved his son with a deep and abiding love. His heart was still bruised by the sorrow of parting.

"Honorable father," young Lee had said one day, "I must take my place among the fighting men. The thought of our parting grieves me, but there is no other way. Only with a gun in my hands can I strike back at these Brown Devils who have stripped us of home and land and driven us forth."

"*Wah!*" Meng Kai had answered. "The blood of the Dragon stirs in thy veins, my son. And I, too, feel the selfsame stirrings. Let us, then, go together, father and son, and fight side by side."

AT the Army booth in Central Square, Meng Lee had been quickly accepted for service, but the recruiting sergeant shook his head over Meng Kai. "Your years are too many, old one," he had said. "We need men who are young and in the full flower of strength."

"*Hola!*" Meng Kai protested. "When a man has strength to hold a plow to its furrow from rising sun to darkness, can you say he is too weak to pull the trigger of a gun?"

"*Mei yu fatzu*" (It cannot be helped), the sergeant replied. "There are rules that may not be broken." And he had added grimly, "If you would help your country, old one, then get thee more sons, for this is like to be a long war."

"The mother of my son has departed to her ancestors," Meng Kai answered gravely. "She was killed by the Brown Devils on the day we were driven forth like cattle from our village. They would not even give us time to build a grave."

"It is a sorrowful story, and only one among thousands," the sergeant had replied. "But do not lose hope, old one. In time these Brown Devils shall be hurled back into the sea from whence they came, and you shall have your house and land back again. Your son does well to lend his strength to this work."

And so the hour of parting had come. Meng Kai felt shame that he had nothing to offer his son as a departure gift except a pair of bone chopsticks. But young Lee had refused the gift. "It is your last possession, honorable father," he said gently. "It is the only thing left to you from our past. If I have your blessing upon my departure, it will more than suffice."

And Meng Kai had looked with pride upon Meng Lee. "Tao keep thee safe, my son. The Three Blessings and the Nine Virtues upon thy head. Remember always that thy ancestors were honorable men, and strive to be worthy of them."

"I will treasure your words, honorable father," Lee promised.

"Send me a paper-writing whenever you can, my son," Meng Kai had added. "Send it to the shop of Sang Poh, who is a kindly and learned man and will read your words to me. I will find work somewhere in this city, so that I may visit Sang's shop from day to day and ask if there is word from you."

So young Lee had gone off to war, but Meng Kai had not been able to find work, and so he had been forced into the one available occupation—professional begging. It was a hard, bleak life, and Meng Kai ate his hard-won rice in grim bitterness.

However, at least it enabled him to remain in the city. And there was one other thing that helped to sustain Meng Kai—a dream, a dream of wealth and pomp and splendor.

Now, to most men dreams come at night, but Meng Kai's dream always came to him in full daylight, in brightest sun. For he had only to turn his footsteps into the Hutung Choy Lung—Lucky Dragon Lane—and seat himself before a certain house in order to summon forth this dream.

It was a secluded house, hidden behind a high red-tiled wall with a tall black gate. A house of wealth, containing many courts—the dwelling place of a certain rich official. And the wealthy official who was lord and master of this blue-roofed palace chanced to bear exactly the same name as Meng himself. Meng Kai the beggar pondered the strange ways of the Lords of Destiny, who dealt out to one Meng Kai sorrow and beggary, and to another Meng Kai wealth and honors and a life of silken ease.

So this was the sum and substance of Meng Kai's precious dream—to use his humble name as a magic key that might unlock the world of untasted riches hidden behind the red-tiled wall.

THE sun rose above the eastern hills like a great round golden gong. A thin sliver of this sunlight, striking down through the mat roof of the unhitched Peking cart where Meng Kai was sleeping, awakened him.

There were dozens of other vehicles scattered over this open space which was listed officially as the Square of the Eastern Gate, but was known to everyone in the city as the Thieves' Market.

Slinging his pilgrim's wallet across his shoulder, Meng Kai crossed the square to the hot-water shop and purchased a pot of boiling water, adding a scanty pinch of his own tea. Thence to the food vendor's, where he bought a dipper of rice, receiving it in his wooden begging bowl.

And as Meng Kai plied his chopsticks, his ears took in the loud and angry debate

(*Continued on page 38*)

# That's How Fashions Are Born

BY DOROTHY ROE LEWIS

SOME twenty years ago, so the story goes, Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel, top-crust Paris couturière, coveted a costly emerald necklace which a Paris jeweler was showing. A few days later one of her customers wore it at the opera. Furious, Chanel vowed:

"I'll fix it so she'll never want to wear that necklace again! I'll make real jewels unfashionable for every woman in Paris."

She set to work at once designing a line of "junk" jewelry—showy baubles of glass and glitter. They became the rage of Paris and, later, the world. Women put their good jewels away in vaults to wear the new imitations.

And that's how costume jewelry was born.

Since Eve first plucked her fig leaf, since the first cave woman adjusted her leopard skin, styles have sprung from strange sources. Such unlikely objects as a baby's diaper and an Egyptian mummy figure in the current fashion picture.

In the past, fashion designers drew largely on the theater, literature, popular songs, and famous personalities for their inspiration. Even some 1945 bobby-soxers have heard of the Merry Widow sailor, that outsize cartwheel hat which was the rage of the early 1900s, first worn in the operetta of the same name. At about the same time Lillian Russell launched an entire phase of fashion, with the large plumed hat its essence. And her influence has returned from time to time in the styles of more recent years, when designers wanted to emphasize femininity of dress.

The Empress Eugénie hat, that little item worn by every shopgirl in the early '30s, was inspired by the small flirtatious plumed hats of the empress herself. The tam-o'-shanter, required equipment for every schoolgirl just before the first World War, can be credited to that grand old Scotch entertainer, Harry Lauder, then at the height of his popularity.

It was hardly a fad, but it illustrates the lengths to which designers will go for originality to recall that important fashion opening in prewar Paris when Mme. Elsa Schiaparelli sent her mannequins out wearing lamb chops on their heads in lieu of hats.

The unpredictable Lilly Dache often has dipped into history for source material for her modern and expensive hats. One of her more recent gifts to modern fashion was the snood, that netlike arrangement designed to hold the glamor bob in place. The volcanic Lilly says women have worn snoods in every period of history.

The Dache snood, bedecked with flowers, richly embroidered in beads and sequins, or tied with bright bits of ribbon or yarn, first appeared a half dozen years ago to induce debutantes of the day to wear at least an excuse for a hat. The first models sold for twenty-five dollars and up. Since then they have been copied down to seventy-nine cents or less.

Dache also introduced the wimple to modern fashion, borrowing a page from the eighteenth century, when women tied quaint triangles of costly fabric over their heads to protect their hair and keep their ears warm. Lilly's modern versions in mink, seed pearls, and sequins started a new rage.

**Where do the styles come from that the girls wear down Main Street? Anything from Stalin's mustache to Eisenhower's jacket might give a designer an idea — but lots of them fall flat**

Sally Victor, another top-flight New York milliner with ideas of her own, turned the Yugoslav Chetnik headdress into the hat sensation of 1943-44. It was a side-draped, swashbuckling hat with a tassel or a feather on one side, and fired the imagination of the public. Besides, it was often attractive.

A London bobby's helmet inspired one of the Victor hat hits of 1940, and a casserole in the Victor kitchen was responsible for the prize hat of the 1944 collection. Sally explains:

"I had to get dinner on the cook's day off. I had a frightful time, spilled things, burned myself, and used a lid several sizes too big. Mr. Victor came into the scene of pandemonium, looked at the casserole with its overhanging lid, and said, 'That looks like a hat instead of a dinner!' He was right on both counts. The dinner was awful, but the casserole hat was a hit. I used the outsize lid as the brim, inverted the casserole for the crown, did it in blocked felt, and the customers loved it."

A group of violently striped bathing stockings worn by gentlemen of the Gay Nineties led to John-Frederics' dashing stocking caps, which enlivened last fall's millinery collections. The impish John, who has been called the Mad Hatter of our modern wonderland, came upon the rakish hose while wandering through the Costume Institute.

General Montgomery's famous beret started a hat craze which swept both sides of the Atlantic in 1943. It was credited to various designers, stirred up a small tempest in the trade, and actually was brought out by several milliners almost simultaneously. It was one of those "naturals" of the fashion world—a fad that could hardly miss.

BUT the whims of fashion are not limited to hats, in the present or the past. Our elders' tortured memories of long curls and velvet suits may be blamed directly on the book, Little Lord Fauntleroy, which inspired sentimental designers and doting mothers alike in the last twenty years of the last century. Many a black eye and bloody nose resulted from this unfortunate fashion, as small fry sought to prove their masculinity despite the hated curls, ruffled collars, and velvet pants.

Designers reached into a Turkish harem to produce the hobble skirt of 1910, and women, faithful to the dictates of fashion, minced along with six-inch steps. It was a strange and regrettable phase of the march of fashion.

The lack of girdles during the first World War, combined with the new talk of emancipation of women, brought on the flapper era, when belts dropped to the hips and skirts climbed above the knees to produce the desired "boyish" look. This was the period when all hint of the feminine figure was sternly suppressed, the flat-chested silhouette was the thing, and the debutante slouch the fashionable posture. Irene Castle gave impetus to the trend by bobbing her hair and ushering in a new era and a big business.

Through the years, from ante-bellum hoop skirts to post-bellum bustles, the human figure has undergone strange and terrifying distortions in the name of fashion. One of the most violent was the Harlem "zoot suit," this time a male fantasy. In this case the inspiration was the authentic London drape suit turned out by the best Bond Street tailors. But Harlem and Broadway seized the fashion, exaggerated the padded shoulders to absurd proportions, lengthened the jacket to the knees, raised trouser waistlines to the armpits, and made trouser cuffs skin-tight. Thus came the costume recently affected by adolescents, with its "drape shape and reet pleat," a renegade offspring of a dignified parent.

WINSTON CHURCHILL has been the parent of several hit styles of World War II. The first was his "siren suit," a one-piece zippered garment born in the blitz, which he declared could be donned in thirty seconds during an air raid. He wore one for the benefit of the American press during a visit to Washington, and both men and women adopted the fad. However, the suit made no hit in Russia, where the British Prime Minister wore it to a formal dinner and is said to have offended Stalin, who was decked out in full military regalia for the occasion.

Frank Sinatra, idol of the bobby-soxers, also has his place in fashion's hall of fame. The Sinatra bow tie started a national rage among teen-agers last year, and soon girls of all ages were wearing bow ties of all shapes and sizes. Another Sinatra derivation was Adele Simpson's "swoon suit," shown in her spring collection this year. A slickly tailored little two-piece job, it had a faintly "zoot suit" air, and evoked cries of joy from youthful jive fans.

Dorothy Lamour's sarong started a whole new series of "wrapped and tied" beach fashions which have been going strong for years. As soon as the atavistic Lamour appeared in her first movie sarong, women apparently decided they needed only a similar costume to acquire the same allure, and sarongs sold like hot cakes in sizes 12 to—saints preserve us!—44.

Famous personalities have inspired new colors in fashion ever since Alice Roosevelt started a national craze for "Alice blue" during her father's term as President. The song, Alice Blue Gown, followed many years later. There was a sporadic attempt to launch another Roosevelt blue when Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt became the First Lady, and designers introduced "Eleanor blue" in 1933. But this had none of the success or fame of Alice blue.

Still a third blue, named in honor of the Duchess of Windsor, was "Wallace

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Claire McCardell's popular leotard was a swipe from grandpop's long woolen underwear.

Lilly Dache draws hat styles from history and art. This one is from a Fragonard painting.

What there is of a baby's wardrobe has been adapted in the diaper swim suit.

The ancients contributed their patterns, as in this copy of an Egyptian dress.

# That Girl

BY ALWIN W. KNIGHT

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLARD DOWN

BUD funneled downstairs like a tornado out of control, his stuttering heels making the whole house shake.

Lillian looked up from the book she was reading. "One of these days," she warned patiently, "you'll break your neck. Besides, it pulls the stair carpet out of kilter."

Howard Latham observed his wife's perturbation with amusement. What Lil couldn't seem to understand was that *until* Bud broke something, all the admonitions in the world wouldn't do any good. Odd, how she was unable to comprehend the psychology of a seventeen-year-old. Then he frowned, remembering that *he* would have to fix the stair carpet if it pulled loose.

"Take it easy, Bud!" he said with belated authority. "Seems to me your mother shouldn't have to tell you over and over—"

Bud grinned down at his parents. "Nag, nag, nag, all day long," he groaned.

"Shall I crawl downstairs, or something?" Then, watching his father's face take on its and-I-mean-business look, he said hastily, "O. K. I'll put on the brakes. Always willing to co-operate with the family unit."

Howard warily eyed his progeny's sartorial get-up—the sports jacket that would render its wearer invisible in the middle of a botanical garden in June; the nattily creased pants which Bud had definitely outgrown the day before yesterday; the casual sweater and unbelievable tie; the slickum that made the spiky crew cut look like something an Indian fakir might run barefoot through. Bud, aware he was under inspection, looked nonchalant and buffed his nails on the cuff of his jacket.

"Trick, hey?" he said hopefully.

"Hideous, darling, but I'm sure it's what all the boys are wearing," Lillian murmured loyally.

Howard and Lillian raised their eyebrows at each other as the same thought struck them simultaneously. *That girl.* For no one else would Bud exercise this degree of spit and polish. Lil cleared her throat.

"Going anywhere special, dear?"

Bud looked crafty. "Oh, not so very."

"You're going out with a girl, I bet!" Lillian bridled prettily. "Who's the lucky woman?"

Bud dug his hands in his pockets. He looked at the ceiling and whistled a casual note or two, hiking up his pants so that the cuffs swung ridiculously at mid-shin. Howard chuckled, and Lillian silenced him with a glance.

"Bud, darling," she said firmly, "I asked you a question."

"A girl. Natch, pos, abs, def!"

Lillian's control began to slip. "Oh, *do* talk English, *please.*"

Bud elaborated agreeably: "Naturally, positively, absolutely, definitely. That's what I said, mom. Na-tu-ral-ly, pos-i-tive-ly, ab-so-"

Lillian closed her book with a snap. Apparently control triumphed over inclination, for at last she said too gaily, "Some particular girl, dear?"

Bud opened the hall-closet door, reaching for the battered felt hat he reserved for special dates and fixing the furnace.

"Sort of." He broke into violent song to create an impression of nonchalance; then, looking neither to right nor left, he went loping through the living room like a doe that hears the baying of hounds.

"Come back here, young man" Howard roared. "Now, all we want to know is the name of this—this female. She has one, I suppose."

Bud drew himself to his full height, which was considerable, in an emaciated sort of way. "Sir"—and he made his eyebrows go up and down with simulated emotion—"you are speaking of the woman I love."

Howard put down the evening paper. "Her name, young man, or you don't go out. Come to think of it, how about that Latin homework, anyway?"

"Pat Kelvalis," Bud said hastily. He sidled toward the door. There he paused, twisting his lean face into lines of disapproving austerity, and growled, *"That girl!"* The door banged and he was gone.

"HE'S overheard us talking about her," Lillian said unnecessarily after a moment. "I told you to keep your voice down, dear."

Howard said, *"My* voice?"

"Yours. And I'm worried. Why in heaven's name do you suppose he is so set against bringing her to the house?"

Howard looked baffled. "He says that girls used to meet the family in the *olden* days, but that things are different now."

"That horrible word." Lillian smiled forlornly. "Are we really as ancient as all that, do you suppose?" And she added, without waiting for an answer, "The thing is, he's always brought his other girls around. Why not this *Pat* creature?"

"If only we knew something about her—about her family," Howard agreed.

"Or even what house they moved into! He's so uncommunicative."

Howard lit a cigarette, careful not to let Lillian see the extent of his concern. "That's understatement. But maybe Bud doesn't talk about her because she isn't particularly important."

"Nonsense," Lillian said. "He's been mooning around ever since he met her. He—he's probably emotionally unstable right now," she went on delicately, "and *anything* could happen."

Howard glanced about the comfortable living room. "Oh, pshaw!" he said rather ineffectually. He leaned forward, the worry he thought he was concealing plain to be seen on his face. "Listen. I'll get to the bottom of this. I'll figure an angle. Now you relax."

A look of alarm crossed Lillian's pretty face. "Howard Latham, don't you do anything rash. Every time you figure an angle something awful happens. You mean well, but—"

"O. K.," Howard said shortly, hurt. "I'll just talk to him. From a distance."

"I'll go to the next P. T. A. meeting," Lillian promised. "Perhaps some of the mothers will know the Kelvalises."

DURING the next few days Howard observed Bud closely. He felt that the continuity of his corner-of-the-eye scrutiny was skillfully veiled, until Bud said one afternoon, "Hey, what you staring at all the time, pop?"

"Staring?" Howard said blandly. "I was just thinking."

They were in the kitchen at the moment, dividing the contents of a jar of peanut butter on a loaf of bread just before dinner. The time seemed propitious for a few forthright questions. Howard's observations had confirmed his worst suspicions: Bud had it bad. His gray eyes wore that dreamy, idiotic look; he whistled tunelessly from morning till night; he was using a new after-shave lotion which reeked; and occasionally, when addressed, he replied with a courteous "sir."

Howard took a bite and said, "What about this new babe, Bud? You know—this Pat Kelvalis?"

Bud's eyes narrowed with quick suspicion. "What about her?"

"Oh, you know. I mean, she's pretty nifty, huh?"

"Oh, sure." Bud's enthusiasm ran away with his better judgment, and he added, with a man-to-man grin. "You'd go for her, pop. No kiddin'."

"Er—I'm sure I would. Your taste hasn't been on the sour side yet."

"Well," Bud said, changing the subject hurriedly, "I got to work on the bus now. Swell buy I got for ten bucks, huh?"

Bud had bought a tire-wheel-and-tube combination for ten dollars from a junkie. His car looked as though it had come from the same place. Incredibly, it went.

"Sure, swell buy. But listen, Bud. About Pat Kelvalis. Why don't you bring her around some time?"

Bud leaned against the icebox. "I told you, pop. We don't do that these days." He hesitated. "She'd think I was serious, or something. That I was trying to put her on the spot with my folks."

Howard frowned. "I don't see why." An idea struck him. "We could all go to the movies some evening."

"Oh, me!" Bud held his head in his hands and shook. When he could stop laughing, he gasped, "Listen, pop. I won't elope, or anything, if that's what you're worried about."

"Have you met *her* family?" Howard pursued doggedly.

"Oh, sure. Picking her up for dates, I had to. That's different."

"What's her father like?"

"I saw him mowing the lawn once. He's got store muscles."

"Store muscles?"

"Yeah. Boy, what a build!"

Howard nodded bleakly, picturing Mr.

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*What's a father supposed to do when his son's best girl makes a pass at him? Bud's father certainly didn't know the answer— but Bud, he was seventeen, and knew the answer to everything*

Suddenly Pat put her arms about his neck and looked up at him, her black eyes laughing impishly, her mouth inviting.

# Will Peace

**There has been much muddled discussion of Russian friendship. Herewith, the prospects of peace and teamwork are analyzed by an international journalist famed for keen observation and fair judgment**

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

Red Square gatherings voice the spirit that will dominate Europe—like it or not.

THERE will without question be a new world war in the discernible future—and Hitler, even in death, will have won World War II—unless the U. S. A., the U. S. S. R., and Great Britain cooperate. This is what San Francisco was about. But even such a charter as that produced at San Francisco is, or will be, meaningless unless good relations between the major powers are kept up. You cannot make peace merely by writing a pact. What counts is maintaining amity among the contracting powers, to give the pact continuous effect.

We have seen in the first part of this article that there is no basic or irreconcilable conflict between these principal powers in major interests or foreign policy. And we know that nobody actually wants another war—though some professional Bolshevik-haters have in recent months indirectly advocated one. But, apart from these fanatics, why are so many honest and reasonable persons honestly suspicious of the U. S. S. R., emotionally hostile in spite of our having marched to a magnificent victory together, and touchy enough to cause quarrels? And why do the Russians, on their side, often behave so badly, upsetting applecarts with unilateral decisions which in some cases are little short of outrageous?

There are at least half a dozen reasons. Let us look at them from the Anglo-American point of view first.

1. Russia dominant in Europe is something new. And it is often difficult psychologically to adjust ourselves to an utterly new fact, particularly if it is unwelcome. This resistance to change is particularly apt to express itself in periods of fatigue, and the war has exhausted most of us. Few of us are as yet ready to accept at face value the one overwhelming political result of the war—that Soviet Russia now and for the foreseeable future *does* dominate most of the European continent.

2. Russia is a dictatorship. It is, indeed. I, personally, having visited the Soviet Union a number of times, am as impatient with wishful-thinking radicals who see nothing but a rosy glow in Moscow as I am with disgruntled Tories who think only in terms of prejudice and hate. Russia is almost as complete a dictatorship as was Nazi Germany, though the ends in view are, as we have seen, very different.

3. The Russian attitude toward religion, class, and inherited wealth and the vast complex of economic and social forces we call "capitalism" is disturbing to most of us. The Russians have cut straight across the two most precious shibboleths of the Western world, our attitudes toward God and toward money. O. K. Point accepted.

4. The Russians are a tough, unpliable, stubborn, and intensely realistic people who drive hard bargains, cause trouble at international conferences, and pinprick us at the wrong times. O. K. Face it.

5. Russia will "spread out" territorially, and hence is a potentially dangerous aggressor.

6. Russian Communism is still an international force which tends to foment revolution in the bourgeois world.

7. The Russians are "Oriental" and "inscrutable" and hence cannot be understood or trusted by us.

# Be with Us?

## BY JOHN GUNTHER

And now let's see what might be said to be the Russian attitude on each of these points.

1. The Russians themselves would, I think, explain the new fact of Russian dominance in terms of inevitable historical development. Europe has been dominated in turn by Romans, Germanic and other tribesmen, French, Spanish, Dutch, and British. The Russians, being materialists with completely realistic ideas about the dynamics of history, think—to express it crudely—that it's their turn now. And perhaps it is.

2. Russia is a police state, a dictatorship. Of course it is. Yet—consider for a moment the spectacular victories of the Red Army. It is true that Russians might, in any case, have fought well in defense of their own homeland, though this was not the case in 1914-17. But on the record it would seem that no army could have done so superlatively well as did the Red Army in this war unless the people stood behind it; this suggests that, even if the Soviet Union is a dictatorship, it is one that its own people accept. No one can believe that the *politburo* of the Communist Party and some thousands of G. P. U. agents were able to prod millions of Russian soldiers into fighting. The Russians fought *for* something—call it an idea, a misguided way of life, or what you will—but fight for *something* they did, which is one reason why they fought so well. So the point may fairly be made that the Russian *government*, dictatorship that it is, was something that Russians, at any rate, were willing to fight and die for.

It is now a more or less open secret that the best military minds thought mistakenly—as Hitler did—that in 1941 Russia would fold up in six or seven weeks. I have had it from the best possible authorities that had Russia dropped out of the war, we would have had no choice but to plan for victory in 1947 or 1948. In other words—apart from all the casualties saved—the Russians shortened the war by two to three years.

As to the police-state angle again—and freely conceding that Russia *is* a police state—one might also point out that the Russian idea of "democracy" differs quite radically from ours. To a Russian, democracy means a kind of government where people have a secure livelihood through state controls, and where free expression of political opinion is less important than security of the masses against Fascism and other dangers. This may seem to us a naïve and misleading contradiction in terms. But the point is that Russians themselves, in their present state of development, have been taught to think that way. They probably consider our criteria of democracy just as naïve and distorted as we think theirs. Moreover, the *trend* in the Soviet Union toward what we consider democracy may become very considerable with the passage of time, at least if the world remains at peace.

A final item under this "democracy" issue is that Stalin, though omnipotent so far as we know at the moment, has to control and manipulate and steer around a good many different *Russian* points of view. He has to pay deadly serious attention to what the Army says. He has to think in terms of domestic politics almost as we do. He, too, has his isolationists to consider.

3. The Russians, in recent years, have made distinct concessions in regard to religion, as everybody knows, and it was one of Mr. Roosevelt's dearest wishes to promote a kind of agreement between Vatican and Kremlin. But major social or economic changes are likely to be distant. Russia remains the one country in the world where, in theory at least, the state owns and operates all the instruments of production, where only the state can hire labor, and where nobody can get rich by buying cheap and selling dear. Very well. The Russian system hasn't worked too well—however brilliant a challenge it may be to the future. Why not let the Russians run their country the way they want to? Are we so craven that we fear their example?

The San Francisco handshake of Stettinius and Molotov symbolized a step down the only road to permanent peace.

4. The Russians have bad manners, drive hard bargains, and the like. The relevant point here, which most people don't quite realize, is that the Russians are just as suspicious of us as we are of them—perhaps more so. This derives, in part, from British and American intervention against the Bolsheviks after World War I, and it has been encouraged since by countless moves in Western politics and diplomacy, from Chamberlain's appeasement policy to the admittance of Argentina to the San Francisco Conference. Ever hear the proverb about glass houses?

5. Territorial ambition. This is a subtle, complex, and important point. The chief thing to say, from the Russian angle, is that Moscow is concerned more with influence than territory. The Soviet Union covers after all, between one sixth and one seventh of the world's land surface; Russia is one country that is *not* land-hungry. Like this continent in the last century, its major domestic problem is internal development, the industrialization of Siberia, the filling up of what in a way corresponds to the old North American "frontier." Take the Polish issue. That is a highly painful issue, with right on both sides, which now appears to have reached settlement, at least for the moment. But as negotiations proceed, the situation may change again. The crux of the dilemma in regard to Poland is not territorial. By the Yalta agreement, Poland is (or was) to be recompensed geographically with considerable blocks of former German territory; geographically, Poland stood to gain, not lose, by the Stalin-Churchill-Roosevelt deal. It is not territory, but security, influence, and power that Russia is after.

6. So we come to point six, revolution and Communism, which is the nub of the whole thing. Does the Soviet Union intend to promote, incite, or encourage revolution in western Europe? Will the Soviet Union demand a political price in Asia as "reward" for entering the Pacific war? (This possibility, incidentally, is one reason why many of U. S. generals and admirals, to say nothing of the British, hope strenuously that the Russians will *not* join the fight against Japan.) The issue deserves careful answer.

On the record, the Russians have officially forsworn "international" Communism; Stalin ousted Trotsky, as everybody knows, and the Comintern has been disbanded. I do not say that the Russians have given up the idea of world revolution *permanently*. I'm not at all sure that they have; no man can be sure. They *may*, thirty or forty or fifty years hence, readopt the classic Lenin policy. But, practically speaking, we have to consider things as they are, not what they may be in some hypothetical future. And if anything seems reasonably sure at present, it is that Stalin, a single-minded nationalist, intends to stick to nationalism on a Russia-First-and-Foremost basis. Evidences of this could be listed *ad infinitum*.

Also, it's less a case these days of Russia setting out to "Communize" Europe. Instead, following the tremendous convulsions and dislocations of the war, the Europe of today has become a revolutionary continent. This factor cannot be too strongly emphasized. The dynamics of political relationships in Europe have greatly changed. No longer is it simply a question of the Soviet's sending out some agitator like, say, Bela Kun to subvert a people into revolution; the equation has almost completely reversed itself and it is now a question of people all over Europe looking to Moscow to take them in. The immense polarizing force of a successful Russia, representing also economic and social aspirations which the underpossessed crave almost everywhere, is drawing country after country into the Moscow orbit, willy-nilly. It is not so much a question of Russian pursuit of power, as of power—and most Europe—dropping more or less of their own accord into the Russian lap.

There are several reasons for this. For

(*Continued on page 48*)

# Liberty Profile:

# GILLIS PURCELL

BY TRENT FRAYNE

**Canadian Press, which brings you the news through its eighty-nine member papers, is admittedly as efficient as any news service in the world. The man who runs CP is a "cold-blooded, fun-loving genius," the toughest executive in the business**

IN an organization as complex as the Canadian Press, it may be fitting that the man responsible for its success is a complex personality regarded by his contemporaries as one of the best newspapermen in the country, and certainly the most versatile.

Gillis Purcell has been described by veteran newspaper reporters and executives as cynical, abrupt and intolerant, and in the same breath as friendly, loyal and considerate. They also agree that there is probably no more sagacious a newsman anywhere. Men who have worked for him have called him "a cold-blooded, fun-loving genius" and have added that while he is probably the toughest, most exacting executive in the business, he is also the most convivial of hosts.

When he was twenty-nine Purcell became general superintendent of CP, and to the job he took a seemingly boundless degree of energy, an intense devotion to the organization, and an amazing fund of practical ideas. While it is true that his editors and rewrite men work longer and harder than the reporters and desk men of any newspaper, it is also true that none of them approach Purcell's own capacity for work.

Purcell, now forty and assistant general manager of CP, is not only an editorial executive. He has a complete knowledge of the intricate, 12,000-mile system of leased wires by which news is flashed back and forth across the country from Glace Bay, N. S., to Nanaimo, B. C. There was a time when he knew the 200 men who work for CP by their first names, and although the war has made fierce inroads on his staff he still knows the majority of the newcomers intimately.

Asked once if he regarded himself as tough to work for, he paused only momentarily and then nodded vigorously.

"When you're serving eighty-nine newspapers, you can't afford errors," he expanded. "We must be impartial and we must adopt a standard style that best suits the needs of all papers. There is no room and no time for mistakes or inaccuracies and it is often necessary to be tough to get the required results. I don't think, though, that anyone has ever accused me of being malicious."

Unlike the vast majority of news executives, Purcell has a profound interest in sports and has carried it into CP to promote an intrabureau and interbureau esprit de corps unrivaled by any newspaper. Hockey games between the mechanical side and the editorial side as well as intercity clashes between Montreal, Toronto, and Ottawa bureaus always were winter features of CP before the war sliced the staffs. Because his office is located in Toronto, Purcell is regarded in these contests as a Toronto man.

As good an insight as any into Purcell's diverse character may be obtained from a series of happenings that grew out of one of the hockey vendettas. Some years ago Charlie Edwards, now boss of CP's radio offshoot, Press News, which provides the scripts for virtually all of Canada's newscasters, was a toiling editor in the Toronto news bureau. In a late season intrabureau game he scored two goals to establish himself as a pretty fair hockey player. Later he was transferred to Vancouver, but when winter set in he received a message from Purcell that he was being returned to Toronto. It was naturally a coincidence that the Montreal game was coming up. Purcell concluded his message, "Bring skates." An hour later the Toronto wire tapped out another message. "Confirm bring skates," it demanded.

"So I took my skates," Edwards relates now. "He met me at the station and said, 'Practice tomorrow morning at 5 A. M.' After the practice Gil said I needed more skating practice and kept me there until seven o'clock. I was due at work at seven and told him so. 'Never mind work,' he told me, 'you skate.' Well, I got to work around eight o'clock, dead tired. In the middle of the afternoon a message came telling me to see the boss. I went into Purcell's office and he asked me what was the idea of coming to work an hour late. 'Well, Judas Priest,' I said, 'you told me at the rink to skate, so I skated.' He looked at me for a minute and then he said, 'Never mind what I said at the rink. You've been around here long enough to know when you're due at work.' So for the next hour I fumed about this unreasonable slave driver and then he walked past my desk and asked me how

about having dinner at his place that night."

Purcell is stocky, with good shoulders and a full chest. He keeps his dark curling hair clipped short and there are flecks of gray at the temples. He is full-faced, with large hazel eyes behind silver-rimmed glasses. He leans toward cigars and bow ties, is avidly interested in hockey, football and chess. He played all of these well until he lost his left leg in England in 1941. Serving as public relations officer of the Canadian Corps with rank of captain, Purcell was observing military maneuvers when he was struck by a supply canister dropped from an airplane. Now he confines most of his exercises to push-ups. He does at least a dozen every morning and can work up to twenty.

Loss of his leg didn't slow up Purcell. Next day Ross Munro, CP war correspondent who had been with his boss, reported that Purcell was sitting up and giving directions on matters which needed attention. When Gil's wife, archy, read Munro's story in Toronto she knew her husband was all right. "If he's ordering people around he must be fine," she grinned in relief. Gil nicknamed his wife "archy" after the fabulous Don Marquis cockroach character.

Purcell returned to Toronto on crutches and drove his automobile, equipped with a foot gadget, to the office the same day. When his artificial leg was ready, Purcell dubbed it Barney; since then there has been many a time when some friend of Purcell's has received a telephone call which informs him solemnly that "Barney is at home tonight." This, of course, means that the Purcells are entertaining.

Gil planned a flying trip through the West after he'd acquired Barney. He had a zipper bag made so he could carry the leg in the plane and he successfully foiled an attempt to charge him excess baggage on it. "That's no excess baggage," shouted Purcell, "that's my leg." He arrived eventually in Calgary and was entertaining Allen Bill and Pete Galbraith, executives of the Calgary Herald, who wanted him to stay over, and figured they could force the issue if they kidnaped Barney. Which they did.

However, Purcell waited for a lull, surreptitiously called a bellboy, and when he arrived Purcell grabbed Barney, hurled him (or it) into the zipper bag, and rushed the bellboy out of the hotel room with it. "Lock that in the safe," ordered Purcell, "and leave it there until my taxi comes."

GIL leaves little or nothing to memory, always gets his thoughts and impressions down on a memo pad. Consequently, CP bureaus from Victoria to Toronto to New York to Washington to London have perhaps the most prodigious memo output of any organization in the world. No one in CP bothers with his name for a signature, but uses his initials instead.

It isn't unusual for a writer in, say, Winnipeg to receive in the mail a copy of a story he had written three or four days earlier with Purcell's curling scrawl penciling a message. It might read, for example: "TGF. Nice yarn. Rgds, GP." Or it might run this way: "TGF. FYI 3rd para Brown initials RB not ED. Smarten up. Rgds, GP." Translated loosely this message means: "For your information, the initials of the man to whom you refer in the third paragraph as E. D. Brown are actually R. B. and it might be a good idea if you checked these things before you put them on the wire. Regards." It will be noted that Purcell is as quick to voice commendation as condemnation.

While it is generally admitted that Purcell is responsible for making CP as modern and efficient as any news service in the world, he is inclined to place the credit on three factors: (a) getting good men, (b) shifting them around so they can learn the entire set-up personally, and (c) getting all possible suggestions and criticisms from newspapers across the country and from CP men themselves.

One of the great improvements was the speeding up of election returns during Canadian general elections. In fact, CP reached such a point in speed and efficiency that an amendment in 1938 to the Dominion Election Act was made, following representations that the speed of CP returns from the East in the 1935 election had affected the voting in the far West. The amendment prevented publication in any province until after the close of the polls in British Columbia.

In 1940 the CP flash was even faster, announcing a Liberal landslide at 8.47 P. M. Toronto time, thirteen minutes before the B. C. polls closed. In 1945 it was still faster, Purcell deciding at eight thirty-five that it was safe to flash another Liberal victory. His decision each time was based on a highly complicated analysis of all progressive reports provided by fast working CP men in bureaus across the country.

Purcell was the first war correspondent to go overseas with the Canadian troops. He arranged with British censorship that the name "First Canadian Division" could be mentioned in dispatches, and also names and home towns of troops below the rank of major. He returned to Canada in 1940 and assigned Ross Munro to succeed him as the Canadian Army's CP "voice." As CP boss he has crossed the Atlantic three times since his accident and at this moment he is in the midst of a three weeks' flying trip to Australia. He has visions of a Canadian Press bureau in each of the Dominions and plans the establishment of one in Australia.

PURCELL is a splendid organizer and a first-rate idea man. One of his editors has said that GP could keep 5,000 men busy twenty-four hours a day just checking his ideas. "And the trouble is," groans the editor, "they're all so good that you have to sit down for three hours to find something wrong with them so you can get out of doing the work. In such a vicious circle, you might just as well accept the ideas."

Gil developed the London bureau, key wartime office, from a peacetime level of five men to a war peak of thirteen, all of whom were accredited war correspondents. Just before D Day Purcell had a ten-page, single-spaced, foolscap-sheet memo of D Day instructions in the hands of every man in the Toronto office. One paragraph, which almost precipitated an outbreak of hysteria from coast to coast, ran like this: "Test alerts may occur at any time. If so they will be handled with the code message: 'Manitoulin Island is a long way to go just to fish.'" The memo was intended for office use only, but during a 4 A. M. alert an overzealous editor called the managing editors of the three Toronto papers and the CBC.

These gentlemen were naturally astounded to be aroused in the middle of the night and informed that Manitoulin Island was a long way to go just to fish. The newsmen went back to sleep, but the CBC man, sensing that the invasion had started, alerted his staff from coast to coast. "There was hell to pay when the whole business was straightened out," smiled Purcell, "but the guy wasn't so mad when it turned out that the alert revealed a few flaws in CBC preparations."

Gillis Philip Purcell was born November 25, 1904, at Brandon, Man., son of the late Philip Purcell, old-time newspaperman, editor of the Brandon Sun, and King's Printer for Manitoba. Gil's first newspaper work was for the Winnipeg Free Press where he did drawings and feature articles for the editorial page, making enough money to pay his way through the University of Manitoba.

Purcell served as a cub reporter on a weekly paper, the Hanna (Alberta) Herald, then moved to Windsor where he became a sports reporter on the Daily Star. He applied for the telegraph editor's job on the Oshawa Times but the managing editor figured he was too young. However, he handed the application over to the late J. F. B. Livesay, general manager of CP, and Livesay told Purcell there were openings in three CP bureaus: Toronto, Montreal, and Winnipeg. Gil selected Winnipeg so as to be near his family's home. In 1929 he got some experience in CP's Parliamentary bureau and then in 1931 Purcell was appointed assistant news editor in Toronto, moving up to general news editor in 1932.

HE showed such energy, drive, and enthusiasm that in 1934 he seemed the obvious choice for the general superintendent's post when Rus Flatt, then the general superintendent, was seriously injured in an automobile accident. Since then Purcell has directed CP under Livesay and, later, under J. A. McNeil, present general manager.

Purcell has ideas of the type of boy who likely will make good with CP, but every time he sits down to draw up a set of hard and fast rules he is mocked by the image of Sydney Gruson, now member of the New York Times bureau in London. The way Purcell tells it, he and Livesay were in a Toronto hotel many years ago and Livesay was impressed by the manners of the bellboy who carried their luggage.

"That's the kind of lad you should have for an office boy," idly commented Livesay.

Purcell sent for the boy the next day, chatted with him, learned he was making forty dollars a week, including tips. "He came to work for us for nine dollars a week," says Purcell. Gruson later became one of CP's ace writers, finally was lured away by the Times after he had reached CP's London bureau.

Purcell reaches his office at nine thirty in the morning and works straight through until seven in the evening, eschewing lunch. This isn't entirely because he is busy; since he lost his leg he finds difficulty getting enough exercise to keep his weight down. After he leaves the office his staff keeps him in touch with an average of two phone calls a night. At all times the office is aware of his whereabouts. Gil and archy have five children: Peter, who is nine; Judith, seven; Patricia, five; Robert, two, and Susan, four months.

He reads two novels a month (he says he buys them so he *has* to read them), is currently working on an M. A. thesis at the University of Toronto on wartime press censorship. He dabbles in sketching and oils, draws his own Christmas cards, and goes fishing as often as possible.

Purcell claims to have no political views because his organization is nonpolitical and provides news to papers with all manner of political banners. If he is partial in anything it is in his love for the West. He won a trans-Atlantic bet on the Winnipeg Blue Bombers in 1941 when they defeated the Ottawa Rough Riders in the national football final. Purcell cabled twenty dollars from his hospital bed in England. He uses a dictaphone at his office and has it hooked up so that he can dictate from his home if required. He types (hunt-and-peck) complicated memos to his staff, then edits and re-edits them to eliminate all superfluous wordage, such being a heinous crime in CP where wire space is always tight.

THE END

# Soapy Dugan's Lamp

**It was just a little gold lamp Soapy had picked up in Bombay, but he was convinced it would make an Aladdin of him. So he rubbed the lamp gently and wished for beautiful women —**

BY S. L. GOMBERG

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

WE had forgotten when it had first started to rain. But that's the way it is in Burma. The rainy season comes, and just won't go. In the meantime parts of you are going: first your clothes and your morale, then your appetite and your wrist watch, and finally your brains. Honest. Take Soapy Dugan, for instance. He'd been flying with us for two years, and we knew how light he was on brains. But we didn't think the rain would get him that fast. Still, it was understandable.

There hadn't been a combat mission in days. No mail in a month. Just rain. It was too wet for cards, too muddy for dice, too damp for bull sessions. Outside of keeping our machine guns and turrets from rusting away, there was nothing normal to do but gripe.

And on this particular night we had even run out of gripes. The four of us were in the hut, sitting in a circle and staring at Soapy Dugan's lamp — just listening to the rain. The lamp didn't throw much light or heat, yet it had a steady glow. Soapy had picked it up in Bombay for ten rupees, then polished it until it shone like gold. He burned drained engine oil in it, but it didn't smell too bad.

"YOU know what," Dugan said all of a sudden, "I been thinkin'."

Somebody grunted. I don't know who.

"Seems to me," Dugan continued, "that there *musta* been some truth back of all them fairy tales we used to hear in school. Like—yeah, like The Arabian Nights and this—this sailor—what's-his-name—" He snapped his fingers helplessly.

"You mean Sindbad?" Curly Caprio asked.

"Yeah! That's the guy. Sindbad. And then there was another one, with the lamp." Dugan's fingers were snapping again. "You know, the little kid."

"Aladdin." This time it was Ace Hochman who helped him out.

"That's the one!" Dugan's red hair seemed to be burning with his excitement. "Now, here's what I'm getting at, guys. I claim there musta been some truth in that story. There had to be. Otherwise the geezer what wrote it wouldn't have had anything to start with. Besides, didn't I buy this one in India? Ain't it—"

"Wait a minute, Soapy," I broke in. "What are you getting at?"

"Just that maybe *this* lamp is that same magic lamp. That's what!" Dugan's eyes grew wide as he looked at us. "And why couldn't it be?"

"For the same reason," Curly cracked, "that you ain't Aladdin. See?"

"But I don't say I am!" Dugan howled. "I say this *lamp* might be the magic one. Nothin' else."

"Tell that to the flight surgeon," I advised, "and you'll be back in Hoboken in a month."

Dugan jumped to his feet. "Look, guys, look! We ain't happy here, are we?" Nobody answered, of course. "We ain't doin' nothin'. Just sittin'. So what we got to lose? Nothin'! And if it works, we're kings. If it's the real thing, it can even get us out of here—just for the rainy season, you understand — and keep our names off the A. W. O. L. list at the same time. Then get us back. It can do anything! Don't you see?"

I looked over at Curly and Ace. They were both trying hard not to laugh, especially Ace. Curly winked at me.

"Soapy," he asked, "do you think maybe it could get us our furloughs?"

"Furloughs!" Dugan began waving his arms. "To a magic lamp, that's a mere nothin'! You could probably get furloughs by rubbing it only once. And not even hard, either. Come on, guys. Let's all make our wishes now, and I'll rub the lamp. But think of good ones!"

Ace started to cough, covering up his face. I began looking for a cigarette so Dugan wouldn't see me smiling. Somehow Curly pretended to look serious. After a minute Soapy poked him.

"O. K., Curly, you go first. What's your wish?"

"The damned furlough I been waitin' six months to get, Soapy. That's my wish."

"You sure that's *all* you want?" Dugan asked. Curly nodded. "O. K.," Dugan shrugged. "It's your wish. How about you, Ace? What's yours?"

For a minute I thought Ace was going to laugh right out. But he managed to hold it back. "The same thing for me, too," he said. "A furlough. Only have it make sure we get a ride all the way over to Delhi."

"That'll be easy for the lamp," Dugan told him. "A cinch."

It was my turn now. "A furlough's the thing for me," I said. "That what you want too, Soapy?"

"Are you nuts?" Dugan shook his head. "With a magic lamp of my own, I should wish for only a furlough? You can. But why should I?" His voice began quavering a little. "No, I want bigger things, like a real house, plenty of time, and women—lots of women—all beautiful, all in love with me, all dyin' to keep me happy till the rainy season stops, when I gotta come back here. That's what I want."

He sat down breathing hard, his eyes on the lamp. It sputtered a little, sending out a strange flickering light over his face. Outside, the rain got louder.

"Well," I finally asked, "what happens now?"

Dugan looked up. "I'll rub the lamp and tell it to take care of our wishes," he answered. Then he picked up the lamp carefully, tenderly. It was glowing with a deep light now.

"Maybe we should each rub it for our own wishes," Curly said, almost serious. I think. But Dugan shook his head.

"It'll work wholesale." He touched the side of the lamp. "Magic Lamp of Aladdin," he half whispered, "we are four miserable and very wet aerial gunners, and we want you should grant our wishes. We ain't askin' for too much. In fact"—he stopped for a second—"make sure there's at least one strawberry blonde along with my other women when you get started gettin' them together. But in case I went too fast, I'll tell them all to you again."

THEN Dugan began rubbing the lamp, repeating the wishes slowly, while we watched him. So help me, from the way he looked, he seemed to expect the genie to appear, or all of us to go up in smoke any second. It was like a dream. The hut, the rain, everything.

As he finished, saying: "Carry out our wishes, Magic Lamp," we couldn't help bracing ourselves. All of us, as one minute slowly passed. Then another. . . .

But nothing happened. Nothing.

Dugan stared at the glowing lamp. His mouth twitched. He shook a little. He didn't seem to see us any more. Suddenly he jumped to his feet and ran out into the rain, taking the lamp with him. Water dripped on the floor when the door slammed shut.

The funny thing is, nobody laughed. We just sat there in the dark, feeling stupid—and a little sad. . . .

Dugan was still gone three days later, but we covered up for him. Then the first sergeant told us that furloughs had come through for us. Yes, furloughs. He claimed they had been approved for over a week, but that he'd been too busy to get our orders out.

So we packed in double time, because there was a ride to Delhi waiting. And we left without seeing Dugan. Nobody knew where he was.

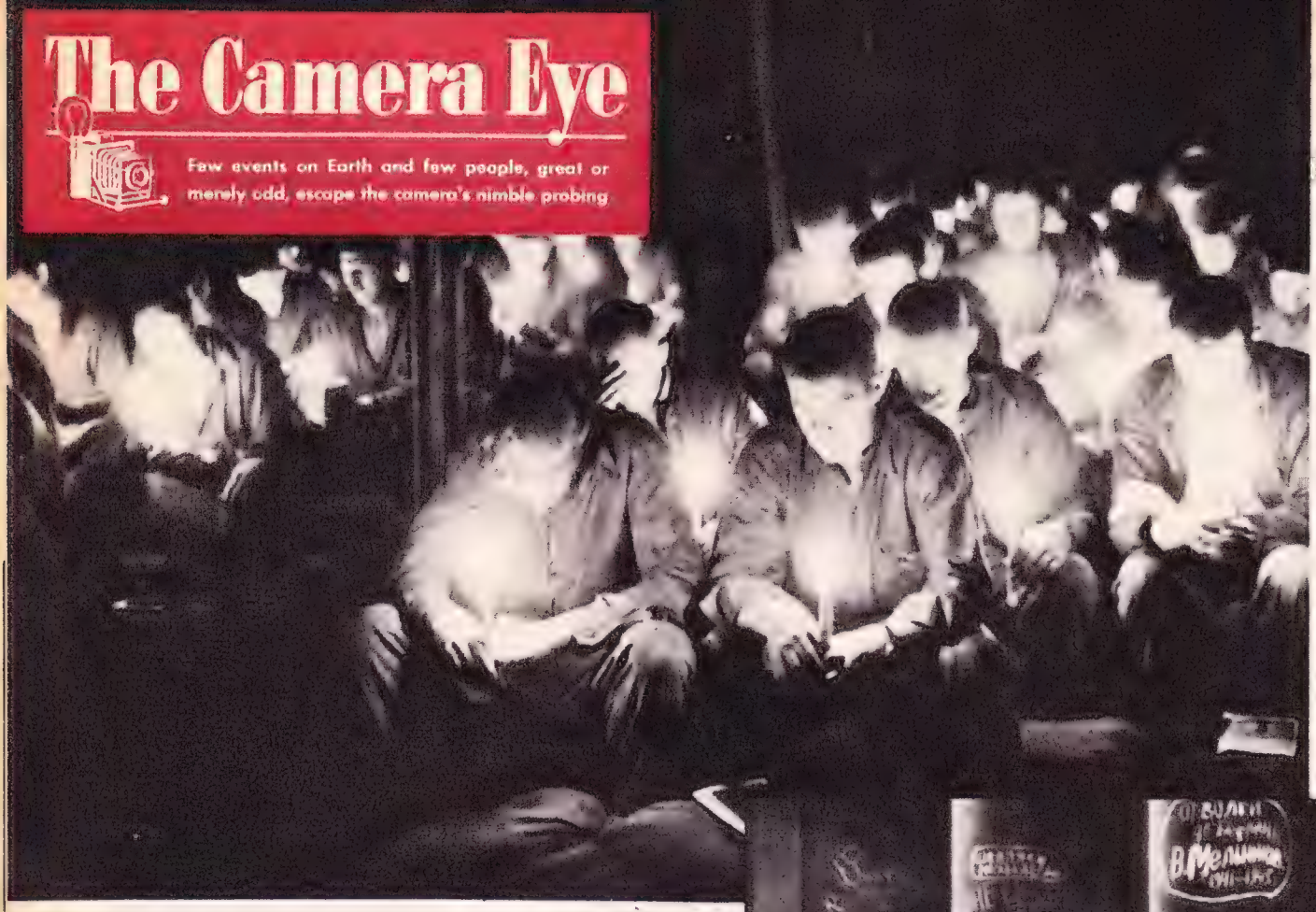
Actually Delhi wasn't much better than our base, only more expensive. It was raining just as hard, M. P.s got in our hair, and we ran out of dough in ten days. The sun came out for the first time today, as the truck we were leaving in passed one of those big Burmese country houses. On the veranda we saw a bunch of girls crowding around somebody in a hammock. We went by pretty fast, but Curly claims there was a guy in that hammock—a guy with red hair. Ace is sure the guy was wearing a G. I. sun-tan uniform. I'm not sure of anything. I feel too sick inside. I'll swear one of those girls was a strawberry blonde.

THE END

Then Dugan began rubbing the lamp, repeating the wishes slowly while we watched him. So help me, he seemed to expect the genie to appear.

# The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



**CANDLELIGHT COMMUNION**—In a darkened tent-chapel somewhere in the Pacific, Seabees receive Holy Communion. Improvised "pews" are sandbags.

**THE HUMAN BUFFALO**—Is a tag won by Jack Laemmle, Swiss strong man, eight times world champion weight puller and lifter. He made horseshoes from iron bars during exhibition at Basle, in Switzerland.

**WRITING ON THE WALL**—But the Krauts never saw it. In Berlin, a British Tommy adds his autograph to the scores of Russian signatures scrawled on the Reichstag wall.

**TABLE D'HOTE**—Sgt. Jay W. Moore and his pet skunk, Smokie, whom he saved from a pack of dogs, enjoy a furlough dinner in Chicago with the sergeant's wife, who completely ignored her rival.

**CHILDREN'S HOUR**—During the recent strike of newspaper deliverers, the irrepressible Little Flower, New York's Mayor LaGuardia, read the "funnies" over the air on his regular Sunday program. Giving it all the zip and enthusiasm he constantly musters, the mayor kept his constituents happy by keeping them up to date on Little Orphan Annie, Dick Tracy, the Gumps, *et al.*

**COMMON BOND**—Major Fred Tilston, who lost his legs winning his V. C., is met at Halifax by Ralph Hodgson on behalf of War Amps. This war Canada had 1,893 amp cases; about 3,200 in first Great War.

**YOUR MOVE**—Captured in the Palaus, where the Japs impressed him into service, this Korean is an apt pupil in the game of Acey-Deucey, a form of backgammon. Coast Guard Lieut. Ralph H. Brown of New York City is the tutor.

Salvatore had watched the scene from the bar and came hurrying over in time to hear Thelma say, "What if I am married?

**Clementina, though only ten, was the real boss of her father's restaurant. She had ideas of her own about whom Mario, the waiter, should marry and she managed to make them stick**

# Little

CLEMENTINA followed the waiter to the table as he served a pizza to Rose Lugano, and her clear voice said, "Mario, must I always tell you to serve from the left? It's just as easy. Please don't throw the pizzas at our customers like a funny man in the movies."

There was a shine that came to Clementina's eyes and a sharp certainty to her voice on such occasions, and those who went frequently to Salvatore's Pizzeria knew how firm was her control. Hers was the woman's touch in the restaurant, and her opinion and taste usually prevailed, though she was only ten years old. She commanded her father, Salvatore, and she bossed Mario, the waiter, and even the customers were careful not to cross Clementina.

Mario shrugged his shoulders. "I been a waiter fifteen years," he said. "Since before you was born, Grilla."

He called her Grilla, or Little Cricket, when he was annoyed, because he knew that she felt she had outgrown the babyhood name her father had given her.

He was annoyed that afternoon, because she had corrected him in front of Rose Lugano.

Rose Lugano was a quiet girl with soft brown eyes and an abundance of shiny black hair worn like a round Italian loaf from her father's bakeshop. She came often for a pizza in the afternoon, and Mario had a special attitude for her.

Mario was the only waiter, and often Clementina took orders, drew beer and served the pizzas. Naturally she claimed her share of the tips, and Mario was willing to make an equitable adjustment. He was resentful only when she called attention to a stubble of beard on his chin, or complained that his apron was untidy, or criticized his service.

When Mario began to improve that spring, when he came to work invariably clean shaven and with wax on the tips of his black mustache, Clementina took the credit for it. Her frequent reprimands, she thought, at last had taken effect.

"Mario is the best waiter in the world," she told Rose, "when he wants to be."

But one day Mario sauntered into the pizzeria wearing a new green hat, his chin shaven and powdered, and his black mustache fiercely waxed. He went back to remove his hat and coat and put on his apron, and when he returned, Clementina noticed his fingernails.

"Look!" she cried. "Look at Mario. He's had a manicure!"

Mario was embarrassed and hid his hands under the folds of his apron.

"No, no, Mario," Clementina said. "Let me see. Oh, yes, that's nice."

Mario grinned and walked off to take an order, and Clementina watched him with a fond proud smile. "Mario is such a good waiter," she said softly. "And now with a manicure, too. It's wonderful, I think."

"It's not Mario who is wonderful, prob-

They like a manicurist to be single, so I took the ring off my finger. I didn't expect anybody to go peeking in my handbag."

# Cricket

BY EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

ably," said Mr. Delucca, who had stopped in from his shoe-repair shop for a beer. "It's the new manicurist at Sam's who is wonderful. Hair like spilled red wine she got."

Clementina's eyes were large and troubled as she looked up at Mr. Delucca.

"Thelma, her name is," said Mr. Delucca. "See, I had a manicure myself."

Clementina hardly glanced at the fingernails shining oddly on his blackened hands. Her eyes turned back to Mario.

"She's a nice girl?" Salvatore asked. "Maybe it's time for Mario to get himself a wife."

"A nice girl she is," Mr. Delucca said. "Very pretty, Salvatore."

Clementina examined both their faces and shook her head. Then she said primly, "Mario's too old to get married."

"Too old?" said Mr. Delucca.

"Mario is thirty-five years old," Clementina said.

"Ho-ho," said Mr. Delucca. "Too old! Tina, no man is too old in the spring. Not even old Mr. Delucca, who is fifty-two." He winked at Salvatore. "Your little cricket is growing up."

"Maybe too quick, I think," Salvatore said.

Clementina saw Rose Lugano come to the door, pause a moment, and go to her usual table in a booth. She always entered the restaurant timidly and hurried to the booth like a rabbit to its hutch.

Mario was busy and Clementina went to the booth with the menu. She was wearing a dress that had been a present on her tenth birthday, a gay dress that marked the end of mourning for her mother, and the colors brought out the promise of beauty in her face.

Rose Lugano looked at her sober face and said, "My, Tina, you look sad today."

"Oh, no," Clementina said. "The usual pizza, Rose?"

"Please."

Clementina made a sign to Mario and sat down in the booth, across from Rose. In Salvatore's Pizzeria it was an honor if Clementina chose to sit down with a customer.

"I'm not sad, Rose," Clementina said. "I'm worried. I'm worried about Mario. He wants to get married."

The dark blush came in Rose's cheeks.

"To a redheaded girl," Clementina said.

Rose sucked in her breath and her toneless voice said, "Mario is old enough to make up his mind, I guess."

Mario arrived then with Rose's pizza. As he set it down he grinned and said, "You nibble all day in your papa's bakeshop and you come here and eat pizzas every day. Rose, you gonna get fat."

Rose blushed, and stared at the pizza.

"Rose is nice fat," Clementina said.

Mario chuckled. "Tina, maybe you right." He walked away.

"I was on a diet last year," Rose said. "It's no good. I guess I'm gonna get fat all right."

"Rose, did you see the new manicurist at Sam's?" Clementina asked. "I want to see her."

Rose looked across at the child. "She's got red hair?"

"Yes," Clementina said. There was an expression in Rose's defenseless brown eyes that disturbed the child. "You eat your pizza while it's hot," she said, and got up from the table.

She went behind the bar and sat down on the low stool kept there for her. She thought about the new manicurist at the barbershop and she thought about Rose Lugano. Since she could remember, Rose had been behind the counter in her father's bakery, and it was Clementina's daily duty to fetch the bread. In the bakery Rose seemed different; she was not shy. She was friendly and nice.

Clementina sat a long time looking at the floor. At last she looked up at Salvatore and began, "Papa, I'm ten years old now—"

"So you are ten years old," Salvatore said. "You are still my little Grilla."

Clementina frowned. "Papa, don't you think I'm too old now to wear pigtails?"

Salvatore chuckled. "Pigtails look good on you, Tina. Why you ask that?"

"Not many kids at school got pigtails. Papa, I think maybe I should go to the barbershop tomorrow and have my hair fixed."

"So you want to be like other kids?" Salvatore said, and shook his head. "No, no, Tina, not for you. No barbershop for you, Tina."

Clementina sighed and got up from her stool. She climbed the stairs thoughtfully to their living quarters above.

When she came down a few minutes later she had tied a flowered fascinator around her head. Her lips were parted.

"Papa," her low voice said, "if I should cut off my pigtails, I suppose I could go to the barbershop."

Salvatore stared at her. "Cut your hair, Tina? No, you must never cut your hair. When you are big you will have fine hair down to your knees."

"That's not the style," Clementina said.

"Style? What do you know about style, Grilla?" He grinned at her. "Tina, I like always to say yes to you. I don't like to say no. But now I say no. We will have no bobbed hair, please."

"Papa, it will grow again," Clementina said. "It don't take so very long."

SALVATORE looked at the shine of her eyes and her flushed cheeks. His hand reached out for her shoulder. "Tina, take it off," he said.

Clementina's small hands went up to untie the knot, and they were trembling a little. She pulled the fascinator from her head and stood very still, looking at the floor. She had cut off her pigtails two inches below the ears.

"Tina, what did you do?" Salvatore said. He shook his head sadly and his eyes were moist. "It was not a good thing to do," he said slowly. "I don't know what to say."

She said softly, "I'm sorry, papa."

"So you're sorry, Tina? But why did you do it?"

"I'm too old for pigtails, papa," Clementina said. She studied his face. "I suppose now I can go to the barbershop?"

Mario came up, stared at Clementina, and said, "What happens to your hair? Salvatore, why you let her do that?"

Salvatore shrugged his shoulders and said, "Ain't it Tina's hair?"

Mario shook his head. "I think maybe Grilla's got too many papas. I think maybe Grilla needs a woman to tell her what to do, Salvatore."

"Tina thinks she's a woman already," Salvatore said.

Clementina said nothing.

The next day she went to Sam's barbershop and waited her turn so that Sam himself would cut her hair, and so that she would have a little time to study Thelma, the redheaded manicurist.

"I hope you'll take us back again when you return from your vacation."

Thelma sat by the window and as she bent over a client's fingers the sunlight came through on her hair. As Clementina gazed at her she thought that she had never seen such pretty hair.

SAM, the barber, was a wonderful man, Clementina thought. He liked to talk and he was proud of the neighborhood he lived in and proud of his barbershop, which he had taken over from his father.

"When a man gets a shave," he told Clementina, "he gets a hot towel; he gets a cold towel. You know who was the first barber to give hot and cold towels in this neighborhood? My papa. That was 1892, Tina, a long time ago. How short you want the hair?"

"About here," Clementina said. "Sam, who was running papa's pizzeria then?"

"Oh, there was no pizzeria," Sam said. "On the corner was McCarthy's saloon, and next to it was a stable. Yes, it was a stable, your restaurant."

"Oh," Clementina said. "That wasn't very stylish."

"Stylish, you say?" said Sam. "You should of seen the plumes on them horses when they go to a funeral. You never seen such stylish horses, Tina, even on a brewer's wagon."

Clementina considered this, then said, "Sam, you're pretty stylish now. I mean, a manicurist and all that."

Sam chuckled. "That's good, huh? Yes, we're right in style here, Tina. You want a shampoo, Tina?"

"Is she married?" Clementina asked.

"Married?" Sam grinned and turned his head. "Thelma, you married?"

The manicurist raised her eyes. "Who wants to know?"

"Tina here. Thelma, this is Clementina from the pizzeria. She asks are you married."

Thelma smiled at the child. She said, "Not yet, sugar."

"You've got pretty hair," Clementina said. Thelma's smile became wider and more friendly.

"When Sam gets through, do you mind if I watch how you do it?" Clementina asked, looking at the manicure table.

"You come over here and I'll do your nails," Thelma said.

"Oh, no. I mean—well, I just came in to have my hair cut. I can't afford a manicure."

"On the house," Sam said. "It's on the house for you, Tina."

The other customers were smiling. None could have guessed what was in Clementina's mind.

When Sam had finished with her hair, Clementina hardly glanced at herself in the mirror; that would come later. She sat at the little table across from Thelma, smiled, and put her hands out. She asked softly, "Did you study somewhere to be a manicurist?"

Thelma laughed. "Sugar, it don't take much study. I just got me a job in a barbershop and learned how. It's easy. See, I'll show you how." She explained, and the child listened attentively.

When the manicure was finished, Clementina inspected her nails and said, "I suppose it's a good job, isn't it?" She nodded. "I suppose the tips are good?"

"The tips?" Thelma looked curiously at the child. "Yes, they're good."

"My papa runs a restaurant," Clementina explained. "Salvatore's Pizzeria. I work for tips, too."

"Oh, I see," Thelma said. "So you're Salvatore's kid. I'm going to come in sometime for a pizza."

"Our pizzas are very good," Clementina said and her chin came up a little. "You must have one, Thelma, on the house."

Thelma smiled, and Clementina said, "You see, like the manicure."

"Well, that's a deal," Thelma said.

Clementina nodded with satisfaction. "When will you come?" she asked. "We'll have a very good pizza for you, with anchovies, if you like."

"That will be fine," Thelma said. "You'll see me in a day or so, sugar."

On the way home Clementina stopped at the Lugano bakery for the bread. Rose was behind the counter, plump and smiling, and Clementina whispered, "I saw her, Rose."

"Yeah?" Rose said. "You saw who?"

"The manicurist," Clementina said. "Her name is Thelma and her hair *is* pretty. It's nice red hair."

Rose turned her back. "I'll get the bread, Tina."

Clementina took off the fascinator and was waiting expectantly when Rose put the bread on the counter. The child smiled and said, "How do you like it, Rose?"

"Tina!" Rose cried. "Your hair!"

"Sam cut it off," Clementina said. "Rose, what do you think?"

Rose smiled. "It's nice, Tina. You look good that way, so grown up now."

Clementina laughed happily, and Rose said, "I had pigtails, too, when I was a kid, but I never cut 'em off. Mama wouldn't let me. I sure wanted to cut them off."

"Papa wouldn't let me, either," Clementina said. "I did it first. Rose, you coming for a pizza today?"

Rose shook her head. "I don't think so."

CLEMENTINA stopped at the variety store on the corner, and when she reached the pizzeria she had two bundles under her arm. Salvatore was waiting at the door and he looked only at her hair and did not notice the bundles.

"See, papa, how nice it is," Clementina said.

Salvatore shook his head unhappily. "It ain't like long hair, Tina," he said. "It's just like the other girls, big ones and little ones."

"Yes," Clementina said. "Like the big ones especially."

Mario came to look at her. "It ain't bad," he said. "Maybe I like it better than pigtails, Tina."

"Mario," Clementina said, "what do you pay for a manicure?"

"Fifty cents, Tina. Why?"

"Thelma is coming in for a pizza some night," Clementina said. "She gets a fifty-cent pizza free. It's a trade."

(*Continued on page 46*)

## BY AMBROSE FLACK

**Bringing his wife to a rural paradise after his hitch as a combat flier in China, Curley met the uproarious Otter family — who soon made upstate New York as exciting as the Burma Road. This delightful novel has been widely acclaimed for the rich humor and beauty it evokes from the stuff of everyday life.**

*ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER*

# FAMILY *on the* HILL

### How to Cook a Carp

I FIRST met the Otter family during a rainy spring excursion in the country.

Katy and I had come out to paint woodwork at Red Maples, our new house, but my fishing tackle was in the back of our car. We soon put down the pails and brushes, and drove along narrow dirt roads that cut through deep evergreen forest. I got out at every bridge and dropped my line to the water below.

The countryside was etched with a network of creeks and brooks, all of them having a good share of native trout. One rocky stream looked so alluring, I jumped down the bank and followed it. Presently, in a clearing near a deep pool, I came upon a tall handsome boy dressed in ragged blue overalls and heavy rubber boots, several sizes too big for him. One of his feet rested on a mossy log, his elbow was on his knee, and his chin in the cup of his right hand.

I sat down on a rock and studied him appreciatively. Even on such a gray day, his blue eyes were full of sun. His blond hair, cut very short—almost in convict fashion—showed a beautifully shaped skull. He was tall and muscular. I wondered if he belonged to one of the foreign families which had settled in this obscure northern New York State community, where land was very cheap; many of them had come from the near-by towns and cities where numerous factories had closed since the depression.

He came over and sat down on a log opposite my rock and ran his eyes over me—almost with compassion. My fishing equipment was elaborate, but there was nothing to show for my elegance in the fine willow basket, ostentatiously strapped over my shoulder. I thought that, while I became acquainted with this boy, I might just as well try my luck.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No sooner had I dropped my line into the pool and put down my pole to light a cigarette than the pole shot into the air and the boy caught it just in time to save it from being dragged into the water. What I pulled out a few minutes later wasn't one of the big trout which lurked in the deep holes of the stream, but a monstrous carp—the most repulsive of fresh-water fish. I felt rather chagrined before the boy, having never really overcome a boyhood notion that it is a disgrace to catch nothing but a carp.

I didn't know what to do with the fish, and I wished I hadn't caught it. Then it occurred to me that since the natives hereabouts dined on the woodchucks which were so plentiful and made such excellent shooting, they might also relish a dish of carp.

"Would you like it?" I asked the boy. "I've heard they're good to eat, cooked properly—but my wife doesn't know how. Or perhaps you could use it for fertilizer."

The boy's cornflower blue eyes became serious.

"Oh, no, mister," he said. "You keep it yourself. Carp make good eatin'. I'll tell ya how mum usta cook 'em in

the old country. She says everything tasted better there, anyway. All ya gotta do is clean the carp and stuff it with bread crumbs soaked in cream and melted butter. Garnish it with cel'ry and parsley, salt and pepper it, and then nail it on a board and stick it in the oven. When it's baked good, take it outta the oven, throw away the carp, and eat the board."

While I was sharing the boy's irresistible laughter, a woman's voice—deep powerful contralto like a Valkyrie's—called, "Geoff, oh, Geoff!" A foghorn couldn't have penetrated the misty countryside more rousingly, and the boy bestirred himself at once. "Well, I gotta go now. That's mum callin'. We got trouble in our family. My brother Calvin ran away las' week and we don't know where he is."

The boy leaped over the log, then turned abruptly to face me once more. His face flushed red with excitement—he had suddenly made a tremendous discovery. His eyes blazed with the questions he wanted to ask, but a kind of delicacy, rather than shyness, forbade. Finally he gulped and blurted out, "Say, mister, I think I know who you are. Your name's Curley, ain't it?"

I admitted that it was.

"And you jist came home from China, and you're gonna live in Red Maples. I thought your face looked kinda familiar, but I didn't rekanize you without your medals or your uniform on." He paused, not because he was out of words but because he was out of breath.

"We read all about you," he went on, almost panting now. "You usta be a Flyin' Tiger, guardin' the Burma Road. The Japs went an' shot you down and took you prisoner, but you escaped and got back safe after all kindsa excitin' a'ventures. Then you got some bad water and come down with the typhoid feeber an' your wife hadda go alla way to China to fetch ya home. You were dec'rated by the Chinese gover'ment."

The boy's admiration was so evident, I began to feel like the celebrity I didn't look.

"Well, so long again, Mr. Curley," he said. "I'm gonna tell the folks I met cha. Hope to see you again real soon."

The dripping bushes swallowed him and I heard the crash he made in the underbrush. Thick drops commenced to fall, and, forgetting all about the carp, I hurried to the car. Katy was sitting in it, waiting for me. I climbed in and told her about the adventure I had just had.

"I think he must be one of the Otters," said Katy. "They live up on that big hill. You can't see their house now, but it's visible when the trees and vines are bare. I met one of the boys, Alix, last winter, and had him in the house—fed him everything left in the pantry. He seemed famished. Later I heard they live for weeks at a time on potatoes and macaroni."

"What's their nationality?"

"Czechs," said Katy. "I suppose the name Otter is some Americanized version of the original."

### Family Portrait

"Well, I learned all their names," I told Katy when I got home after my second visit to Otter Hill.

"And what are they?"

"Well, there's William and Calvin, the two oldest boys. They're not twins, yet they were both born in the same year: William in February, on George Washington's Birthday, and Calvin in December, for a Christmas present."

"They should have named William George," said Katy.

"They didn't know he was born on Washington's Birthday until he started going to school," I said.

"How old is Mary?"

"She's sixteen. Geoff's thirteen, Walter's twelve, and Alix is eleven. Rosie and Rolf, the twins, are eight. Jennie's seven and Mickey's six. Davy and Dennis, the other pair of twins, are five. Molly's four, Tessie's three, Nannie's two, and Coo-Coo's the baby. She was born last November, on Thanksgiving Eve, for a Thanksgiving present."

William, the oldest boy, looked four or five years older than he really was. That was probably because he had always worked so hard and suffered so many hardships. All his life he had been compelled to take things very seriously. Mary was sweet and utterly unspoiled, and so pretty, one scarcely noticed the outlandish clothes she wore, at which the village belles, behind her back, poked so much fun.

"Three of the boys I can hardly tell apart when I see them on the road," said Katy, scraping away at a carrot. "One of them is the Alix I had over here last winter."

"They're Geoff, Walter, and Alix," I said. "William calls them the Three Musketeers."

These boys were all engagingly blond and blue-eyed, handsome little vikings indeed.

"One of the girls is a tomboy all right," said Katy. "Every time I see her she's up in a tree."

"That's Rosie, Rolf's twin."

Rolf was the best athlete in the family. He could climb the highest trees and make running jumps across Otter Creek in some very wide places. Rosie, because she was his twin, thought she ought to be able to do anything he could do.

"Which one is Jennie?" asked Katy.

"Oh, she's the dainty one. Poor little thing, she tries so hard to keep the kitchen clean. But the odds against it are overwhelming."

I never saw Jennie with a dirty face or hands. I often saw her sitting on a rock in the creek, washing out clothes. How she treasured an embroidered handkerchief she'd found on the road!

"But Mickey's the most amusing one of the lot," I said. "He can swear like a trooper when he gets mad."

Davy and Dennis were the fraidy-cats and wept upon the slightest provocation.

Molly was the first of a string of little golden girls that went right down to Coo-Coo. Molly quickly became my favorite.

Molly didn't *look* out of her eyes at one; she peered

from them, as from behind a veil. Her piping little voice was a greater charm even than those curiously veiled blue eyes. It made me think she was born with a miniature calliope in her throat.

Tessie was a human whirligig; chips of blue and gold flew off her as she danced and reeled around. Nannie was very bashful, always clinging to Mrs. Otter's skirts, trying to hide herself. Coo-Coo was fat and yellow as a butterball. Her only plaything was the stove handle. She never cried, even when ants crawled over her, and when bees, attracted by her daffodil yellow curls, buzzed and swarmed over them.

"Mrs. Otter must be about forty," said Katy. "I saw her go down the road yesterday calling 'Rosie, Rosie.' She's quite a Junoesque person."

Certainly the Otters were the happiest family I had ever known. They never quarreled among themselves. Each boasted of the others' accomplishments and didn't mention his own. The bigger boys faithfully tended the babies, and the little girls, like Molly, were capable beyond their years in looking after themselves. It never occurred to me to pity the Otters.

"What's Mr. Otter like?" asked Katy. "I haven't seen him yet."

"He's quite youthful in appearance—could almost pass for William's older brother. He has thick black hair, delicate features, and a fine complexion. He looks like a poet."

Mr. Otter usually said very little, and listened with apparent pleasure to Mrs. Otter when she talked. She talked almost constantly, saying, "me go" and "me no go." She had decided opinions on everything.

But she was a great worker as well as talker. She worked in the fields as well as cooking, baking, and mending for her big family. In spring she plowed and planted. In summer she cultivated. In fall she reaped. She got up at four every morning of her life. The very sight of the children stimulated her. When they were performing in the front yard, one of them perhaps on the roof, one in the thorn-apple tree, another straddling the calf, she was able to watch them all at once, and she could tell at the quickest glance if any were missing.

### A Man For All That

One afternoon I watched a cluster of the children scramble down the hillside carrying tin cans full of bait and armed with their fishing poles. I began to wonder where my own tackle was when Mickey Otter rapped at our kitchen door. "Hello," I said. "Want to borrow some hooks and sinkers?"

"No," he replied solemnly. "Ma wants to know if you could borry William an old suitcase that ain't much good."

"Does William need the suitcase right away? I don't know where we keep our bags. I could bring it over later."

"He don't need it until tomorrer noontime."

"All right then, let's see how Geoff's making out with his fishing." Mickey trotted down to the bridge with me to where Geoff stood knee-deep in the pool, fingering his line attached to a short willow pole.

Geoff looked very gloomy. "William lost his job in the pottery," he said, "so there won't be no more money comin' in from him. It's a good thing fishin's free, or maybe we'd stop eatin'. If it ain't one thing it's another."

"William got fired," said one of the children. "He knocked a big guy out."

William was a tall strapping fellow, but quiet and peace-loving; hardly the type to go around knocking people out. "An' mum's decided, long as he's outta work, he might jist as well make himself useful and go up north an' find Calvin," Geoff went on.

William came over that evening for the suitcase—a little reluctantly, I could tell by his approach.

William was very proud of his family, and I knew he didn't want them to be exploited or to become the source of amusement to a stranger. I only wished I could have shown him how much I enjoyed my talks with his mother, the company of his small brothers and sisters, and how greatly I was indebted to all of them. It is true, they put their cows in our pasture, used our barn; we sent over food and clothes and gave them things we didn't want or need—but they were the great donors. They were helping restore my health. They had turned out to be exactly the medicine, the diversion, which I had been ordered to find.

My small part in the war in China had left me physically and nervously sick. I hadn't slept naturally for months; woke out of drugged slumber with a heart racing and pounding against unidentified fright. Now the family was helping me regain my balance. There were so many Otters, and all of them, from the baby up, looked at the world out of such clear fearless eyes. Every time I left Otter Hill I was a better man and a stronger one. That is what the Otters were doing for me. . . .

William looked about our sitting room with quiet appreciation. He seemed perfectly at home without being too much at home. We had a drink. That helped loosen his tongue. He seemed quite ashamed to be out of a job and, to put himself in the correct light, anxious to explain how he had come to lose it.

It was like this: William preferred farming in spring and summer and fall, but in the wintertime he worked for fairly good wages in the village pottery. He had given his age to the employment manager as twenty-five; that meant a better job and better pay. The pottery accepted him as a man of the age he claimed.

The light work at the pottery was performed by girls, most of whom were quiet and ladylike. There were, however, a number of formidable specimens among them who boldly besieged the young men for dates, and were often rudely refused. William, having been gently reared by Mrs. Otter, looked askance in their direction. He had never taken one of them out, and this was considered curious in such a husky young fellow who ought to be thinking of nothing but the girls and good times with them.

"What's the matter?" sneered Rip Pizzica, an ex-pugilist and wrestler. "Lookit your kid brother, Calvin. He gets in trouble and then beats it before he's marched to the altar. Now that's what I call smart. All the men in your family ain't deadheads."

"Calvin doesn't have to marry anyone," said William.

"Is that so? I heard different," sneered Rip.

William took a healthy swing at Rip (who weighed two hundred and fifty pounds) and knocked him out. The superintendent, making his departmental rounds at the time, witnessed the incident and William was discharged.

"Well, you showed Pizzica you were a good man just the same, William," I said as he rose to say good night.

### History Is Made at Night

I drove to the village the next day to put William on the Watertown bus and to see old Father Justin. Father Justin gave me his version of the reason for Calvin Otter's disappearance.

The old priest usually kept a boy in his house to do odd jobs around the place. The last incumbent had been Calvin, whose fate certainly was different from that of his predecessors; *they* usually went from their jobs to a seminary. Calvin's room in the priest's red brick house was cozy and comfortable, and the meals the housekeeper served were epicurean compared to those Mrs. Otter gave him at home. His venerable employer was always making nice presents to him, too: clothes, a camera, holy pictures, books. Calvin became very fond of the old man.

Father Justin was very popular in the village, with Protestants and Catholics alike. Past seventy-five, his figure was still erect and he walked with strident vigor. He gave generously to the poor from his private means. Father Justin looked after everybody like the benevolent old tyrant he was.

On the village fringe, within sight of his red-brick dwelling, he had long ago planted a row of honey-locust trees, and, his years declining, watched them grow into green-golden maturity. The grassy promenade under the gracious honey locusts was called Lovers' Lane, a spot much frequented by village sweethearts. On moonlight nights the exchange of kisses was so constant and so honest they could be heard above the whispering tree-tops. Father Justin was an amateur astronomer, but when

he watched the phases of the moon, it was not always with a purely scientific eye; it was rather with an anxiety as to how its glimpses of the earth might adversely affect the morals of his youthful flock.

On nights when its witchery was fairly irresistible—and on other nights as well—he patrolled the lane like an archangel at the gates of lost Eden, with his old cherry cane for a fiery sword. When he observed a couple he knew to be unmarried sitting under a tree on the grass, he gently shook his head and soberly approached them. Then, upon the shoulders of the young man (and supposedly potential seducer) he placed his liver-spotted old hands—it was such a disarming gesture—and earnestly exhorted the pair to return at once to their respective homes lest they succumb to the temptation that was so patently abroad.

One night that spring Father Justin, patrolling the lane, stumbled and fell. The next morning his ankle was swollen and he had to nurse it. The following evening there was a full spring moon, a very seductive moon, and he could not protect such of his flock as were exposed to its current witchery. But he could send somebody out as his emissary—he could send out young Calvin Otter.

Calvin had come into the priest's service with the reputation of being a wild young fellow. He was the best dancer in Smoky and near-by Happy Valley. Not only the country girls loved him, but the village belles as well. Headstrong, stubborn, impulsive, generous, careless, Calvin was the antithesis of his brother William, so quiet, sober, and trustworthy. But Calvin, realizing he had much to live up to as Father Justin's protégé and a member of his household, conscientiously reformed in many of his old wild ways.

Father Justin dispatched Calvin to the lane that moonlight night. No doubt the boy hated his assignment. Everybody except Father Justin knew he was keeping company with a fast-girl whom he had met at a dance in a roadhouse. The young couples he attempted to send away laughed at him. "Trying to clear out the place so you can have it all for yourself and Red, Calvin?" asked one young man.

AFTER midnight, Father Justin put down his book, turned off the light. Then it occurred to him that he hadn't heard his boy come in. He forgot about his ankle, found his cherry cane, and hobbled down to the lane.

Father Justin sent away half a dozen couples with great dispatch and then came upon a pair half sitting, half lying on a rock, locked in each other's arms.

The priest briskly tapped the rock with his cane as a signal of his presence, and the young couple, startled, turned to face him. They were Calvin and his redhead.

Father Justin collared the boy, dragged him from the rock—Calvin fell in an abject heap at his feet. The girl was cool and impudent. When Father Justin recognized her to be the loose daughter of a notoriously loose mother, he became very angry and soundly applied his cherry cane to Calvin's back. Father Justin marched Calvin to the house, formally dismissed him from his service, sent him to bed with the promise that next day he would return to Otter Hill in disgrace.

William said he guessed the prospect of facing his gentle mother under such a cloud was more than Calvin could bear. That very night he wrote a note to William and ran off.

"And what became of the redheaded girl?" asked Katy, after I had told her Calvin's story.

"I don't know where she is now, but I found out where she came from originally. Believe it or not, she was born in this very house. And by the way, it would seem that Red Maples is appropriately named. It used to have a very shady reputation. People coming and going all hours of the night, mysterious lights in the windows, hushed noises, soft music, revelry, nobody ever visible in the daytime—perhaps that's why it was vacant so long. Katy, the place used to be a sort of roadhouse—or worse.

"About twenty-five years ago a man named Corry bought the place. He was the principal of the high school and president of the board of education. He had been embezzling the school funds, and meanwhile, evidently to protect himself, signed Red Maples over to a very enterprising daughter of his. Things caught up with him and he was sent to jail for three years. When he got out of jail, his daughter wouldn't let him in the house. Perhaps she thought his presence would interfere with the successful business she had established here—the one I described. Old Man Corry eventually lost his mind and went around threatening to burn the house down. He floated around the north country for years, becoming quite a character in some localities. Early this spring he turned up in this neighborhood again after an absence of nearly twenty years—still mad, looking for Red Maples so he could apply the torch."

Katy tried to look alarmed, but merely succeeded in looking astonished.

"What became of his daughter?"

"She lives up north somewhere—in one of the lake resorts. She's rather well known. She had a daughter, born in Red Maples, who lived here until she was four or five. She, too showed up in the village this spring, although she isn't aware that old Corry is her grandfather. The name isn't the same and she'd been told by her mother that the old man was dead. But they call her Red, and she's the girl who helped Calvin Otter go astray."

"How extraordinary!" said Katy, putting down the flatiron. "Will you sleep nights knowing about the old man and his intentions?"

"Of course. What crazy, completely disoriented old man would recognize a house he hadn't seen for about twenty years? He might have passed it a dozen times without recognizing it. He *has* passed it, Katy," I admitted. "I've seen him go by a dozen times. Next time I'll call you."

"Do," said Katy cheerfully.

### River Lena

We were having lunch and looking out of the window when the twins, Davy and Dennis, trotted past our house calling, "Rosie, Rosie, come home, come home!"

Katy snatched a bag of candy and ran outside to give it to the twins. Shifting uneasily on their bare feet, they thanked her gravely and said, "We hafta go now. Rosie's lost, and we been lookin' for her all day. We think she mighta got drownded in the swamp." The twins were very timid, and they quickly went off. Geoff or Mickey ordinarily would have stayed for a visit.

"Rosie's lost, and may have drowned!" cried Katy, as she came running in. "They've been looking for her all day. That's what all the commotion must have been about on the hill. Why don't you go over and see what you can do? Wait a minute; I have something for them, although they probably don't feel like eating."

But there were two Rosies in the Otter family. When I had climbed up the hill, I learned that it was Rosie the cow that was lost—not Rosie, Rolf's twin. She had wandered away in search of greener pastures no doubt. Happily, Geoff soon found her on the edge of the big tamarack swamp, evidently bent on crossing it, and everybody was overjoyed when he came leading her up the hill.

I wished Katy had been along to watch her cakes disappear. I sat on the chopping block, enjoying the spectacle of the family at which I had not yet ceased to marvel—and never would. Walter was reading a book—he was the quiet, studious one—and Alix, crazy about birds ever since anybody could remember, was drawing a picture of an eagle attacking an osprey with a fish in its talons. Davy and Dennis were wrestling in the grass, and Geoff had climbed up into the chokecherry tree. He hung from a limb by his knee, playing Tarzan, and every little while he let out a long, blood-curdling "Oeeeeooooeeeee!" Fluffy began to bark, and Mickey, who was stringing up the wash line between the thorn-apple tree and the lilac bush, called out, "We got comp'ny. Here comes old Corry."

"Corry's an old man," explained Walter. "He used to live in this house before we did and we let him stay."

"When he sees you, he'll be a little scared," Geoff explained. "He'll think you come here ta put him back in the crazy house."

"In that case I think I'd better be going," I said.

"No, no," remonstrated Mrs. Otter. "He be little scare at first, then awright."

When the old man espied the cluster of Otters on the

lawn, his steps quickened. He joyfully approached the family; it must have been like coming home. There were so many Otters, he did not at once perceive a stranger in their midst.

The Otters resumed their various activities without paying further attention to old Corry. Presently he commenced to peer at me out of old blue eyes that were watering now, but it took him a long while to make out that he had not seen me before. Then, actually aware of the presence of a stranger, he commenced to shake violently. "Who is this man?" he asked.

Mrs. Otter put a reassuring hand on his arm. "Never mind, Corry. Mr. Curley good friend. Do you no harm. Geoff," she said briskly, "fetch Corry glass cider, make him feel good."

"Thank you, thank you," said the old man in his childish treble. "That I will gladly accept. But I am confused and frightened, and will draw apart a little to reflect. The noises in my head were very bad last night, and I did not rest well."

Corry withdrew to the veranda, where he sat in Mrs. Otter's rocker and drank the glass of cider Geoff gave him. His eyes were intent on my back, and I could hear him talk to himself in a fuzzy querulous way.

Geoff climbed up into the chokecherry tree again and resumed his Tarzan role. Geoff could see farther than anybody else. "Bet nobody kin guess who's comin' now," he cried, his voice charged with sudden excitement.

"Who?" cried the Otters, and a dozen necks were stretched to see.

"William!" shouted Geoff, scrambling out of the chokecherry tree.

"Has he got Calvin with him?" cried Walt.

"Not unless Calvin's dressed up like a girl," snapped Geoff.

"Gee, it is a girl, ain't it?" said Mickey, for now two figures could be seen over the curve of the hillside.

William was carrying my suitcase and leading a girl up the hill. They came very slowly, evidently with great reluctance, and obviously uncertain as to their welcome. Nobody ran to meet them, which was strange. The Otters stood and stared, struck dumb with amazement. The girl was badly frightened, and William held his mouth tight. I fancied he was going through a terrible ordeal. People being led to the guillotine must have looked like William.

"Where's Calvin?" demanded Geoff, at once taking his big brother to account. "Mum sent you up north to bring *him* back."

"Didn'tcha find him?" demanded Mickey.

"No, I didn't," said William quietly.

"Whatcha bring her *here* for? Does she plan on stayin'?"

"I want her to," faltered William.

HE put down the suitcase and looked appealingly at his mother, who was watching him almost timidly. I am sure this was the first time William had ever failed his family in anything. His dark blue eyes were almost black with emotion.

"This is Lena, mum," he said, in a way which suggested an apology and a vast plea.

Lena watched Mrs. Otter with enormous blue eyes. Her mouth was tremulous and she looked fascinated—fascinated and frightened—as if her life depended upon what was going to happen to her within the next few minutes. She was a limpidly lovely thing with her wind-blown hair, frightened eyes, and tremulous lips that suggested invisible kisses. The children stared at her, not in the friendly way they had with strangers. William had no business bringing back this girl instead of Calvin. Nobody could take Calvin's place.

Mrs. Otter continued to regard William searchingly and tenderly, but did not acknowledge Lena in any way.

"Is she really gonna stay here?" demanded Mickey.

"If mum lets her," said William.

"One more mouf ta feed," said Mickey.

Lena's mouth fluttered; she tried to speak but the words didn't come. She looked about her wildly, as if she wanted to run away—run down the hillside she had just climbed. William held her hand more tightly and drew her closer.

It was only because of their crushing disappointment in William for having failed to bring Calvin home that the Otters had all joined, for a few moments, in this reproach. Had Calvin not gone away, they would have welcomed the girl gladly as William's friend.

Mrs. Otter gave out a little hiss which silenced the small Otters, and then, after taking a sweeping look at the girl, which quite repudiated her, she put one hand on William's arm, meeting the look of supplication in his eyes. He made an appealing boyish figure. The scene was such a private one, I picked up the cake plates, shook hands with William, gave the girl a smile—the only one she'd received since climbing up the hill—and said good-by.

### Not to Read But to Have

Katy was a little shy with strangers and in new places. I had been trying to get her to call at Otter Hill, and she hid her timidity under a pretense of formality. She said

it was Mrs. Otter's social obligation to call at Red Maples first, since we were newcomers in the neighborhood.

But one day about that time, she met Mr. Otter and William on the road. They were on their way home from a country auction, where they had purchased a bookcase and a dozen white Leghorn hens. Katy must have found the encounter a pleasant one, for her eyes were doubly bright when she told me about it.

"Mr. Otter said he wished there had been a piano at the auction, too," she told me. "It seems that the girl William brought home—Lena—plays. And Mary wants to take lessons."

Katy had just come out of a roadside meadow, with a basket full of wild plants and small shrubs and evergreen seedlings she had dug up for a garden she was planting. Mr. Otter and William, recognizing her, had bowed in courtly fashion and she was moved to forget her timidity and speak to them. "They must be great lovers of books to carry that monstrous bookcase over three miles of country roads on such a hot day," added Katy enthusiastically.

"It looks to me as if they bought the bookcase purposely to fetch the hens home in."

"I prefer to believe they bought the hens so they could fill up the bookcase with books they buy with the egg money," returned Katy. "Evidently they're very nice people, and I'd like to do something for them."

"And what would you like to do?"

"I'd like to fill up that bookcase with books. We have too many as it is. Good books we don't even look at any more."

It turned out that Mr. Otter was much interested in Katy's projected wild-flower garden. He brought many fine, and some rare plants, most of them showing little green shoots; the season was still early.

Katy, as a return compliment, gave Mr. Otter books for his bookcase, which he shyly accepted. Katy said she thought at heart he was an intellectual.

The day Katy told Mr. Otter there was no room in her garden for more plants, he told her there was no room in his bookcase for more books. It contained a good collection, not only the classics we had resurrected from our attic, but stacks of modern novels, children's stories, history, adventure, nature, biography.

"I can see Mr. Otter reading to the children sitting around the fire this winter," said Katy warmly.

KATY and I visited her mother in Montreal that spring, but the middle of June found us on our way home. Katy was not disappointed in what had happened in her garden during our absence. The blue flag was out, the grass starred with forget-me-nots, and pink lady's-slippers twinkled on little hummocks.

Katy found half a dozen species of violets—Canada white, Selkirk's, marsh blue, smooth yellow, woolly blue, and bird's-foot—twinkling in the grass, growing out of soil placed in hollow logs, between flagstones, and in rock crevices.

Certainly Mr. Otter had succeeded in imparting to Katy's garden the cool moist flavor of the woodland.

"I give Mr. Otter a few old books I don't want myself, and he brings me kingly gifts like these," she murmured humbly.

Next day Katy called on the Otters and, since it had become a habit, she took a book along for Mr. Otter. "He found more room in my garden for flowers. I will find room in his bookcase for another book," she said, taking her departure.

But she came home much too soon. There was something very wrong. I knew it even before she got in the house.

"Well, what's the matter?" I said. "Has Mr. Otter decided to use the bookcase for a hen roost, after all?"

"No, the hens are in the hen house," Katy said. She paused and gave a sniff. "And the bookcase is in the parlor, full of books." Katy looked at me out of tragic eyes. "I never dreamed it, and I practically forced it out of him. I embarrassed him terribly; I'll never forgive myself. Mr. Otter can't read."

Katy was so upset about having forced Mr. Otter, whom she considered a distinctly intellectual type, to admit that he couldn't read, she cried her eyes out.

Mr. Otter wasn't particularly ashamed of the fact that he couldn't read, but he bitterly regretted having put a lady in a position which caused her so much mortification. One day when I met him on the road he explained that he felt he ought to return the books, since he had accepted them under false pretenses.

"But the children can read them," I said.

"And I read them some day too," he told me stoutly. "I am not always dumbbell. Lena, she says she teach me how to read."

My heart warmed toward Lena. Obviously Mr. Otter had grown to like her. I did recall, however, something Molly had whispered to me the day before, when I saw her at the bridge. "Mama never talk to Lena, only make faces at her, and look mad all the time."

I STOPPED up to see the Otters a few days later. "When I was in the village I stopped at the drugstore and asked Mr. Wagnalls to drop a couple of quarts of fresh strawberry ice cream here on his way home," I said. "It'll be all packed. I guess he's on his way up the hill now; a car just stopped down below."

But it wasn't the proprietor of the village drugstore, a summer resident of Smoky Valley—it was Calvin Otter who, a few minutes later, came pushing his obviously weary feet up the hill!

The Otters stared as if he were a ghost; then starry-eyed glances were exchanged among them. "It's Calvin—Calvin's coming home!"

A flock of children flew to greet him. Mrs. Otter's face glowed like the face of a figure on a church window when the sun strikes it.

Calvin, whose approach had been impeded by a flock of young Otters clinging to his arms and legs, came across the lawn. Everything about him was downcast; Adam himself on his expulsion from Paradise couldn't have made a more eloquent figure of shame. Calvin broke away from the youngsters and flew into Mrs. Otter's arms.

The Otters were an emotional family, but with this difference: they stood firm against their tribulations, but their joys they submitted to. Again I told myself I had no business being here, a stranger, gazing upon this intimate home-coming.

Some of the babies were crying now, as they always did when a grown-up cried. Even Geoff's eyes were a little red, although he tried to look scornful. I only hoped that now Calvin had come home, William and Lena would be forgiven. When William brought Lena up to Calvin, the girl seemed frightened out of her wits. She couldn't talk.

As for Calvin, he acted as though her astonishing looks had stunned him. He sat down on the chopping block, as if in a state of collapse, and looked about dumbly, giving his head foggy little shakes. Mrs. Otter poured him a drink of water and he took it thirstily. "Best water in the county, mum," he muttered. After he had hidden his face behind the big dipper for a moment, he regained his composure. He did not look at Lena again.

Calvin was a fine-looking boy with his dark eyes, glistening black hair wet with rain, his tall slim figure. His shirt was in tatters, and one could see the brown, smooth skin underneath. His trousers hung on his long legs like stovepipes and some of his toes stuck out of the canvas shoes he wore. He looked famished, and judging from

the wisps of dry grass and hay sticking on his clothes and hair, he must have been sleeping—and starving—in empty lots and haylofts.

"Is Calvin as handsome as William?" asked Katy when I got home and told her all about it.

"Yes indeed, Mrs. Curley, and when he saw Lena, he nearly swooned. Evidently he's just as susceptible, too."

### A Little Belle Waiting for a Ring

Early summer scented and ornamented Smoky Valley. Chokeberries crimsoned the hedges, water lilies starred the hedge along the low shores of Aspen Pond, and orioles and bluebirds enlivened the roadside trees.

Davy and Dennis, Jennie and Molly and Tessie romped in the fields by the hour. Sometimes the children followed me on my favorite path along Otter Creek. If I decided to have a nap on the warm rocks, the little boys and girls would go away or play quietly by themselves. One afternoon when I woke up with my hat over my face (one of the children had thoughtfully put it there, to keep away mosquitoes), I heard, mingled with careening songs of blackbirds and babbling voices of the creek, the sound of weeping.

I got up and peered through the bushes.

It was Lena. She had come to have a good cry in private. I couldn't very well get away without revealing my presence to her, and I knew she would feel much better if she had her cry all out. I hung back and waited until she had wrung out the very last tear. Lena rinsed

her handkerchief in the stream, squeezed it dry, dashed cold water on her face and wiped it off. She got out her lipstick and reddened her mouth. She seemed satisfied when she surveyed herself in the mirror the clear water made.

I waited a little while longer, then crashed through the bushes. "That rock's covered with poison ivy, Lena," I said. "You won't be so pretty if you catch that stuff."

Lena flung me a blue defiant look. "I've often been tempted to dash a bottle of vitriolic acid over my face. Then perhaps I wouldn't get myself and other people in so much trouble. As for poison ivy, I don't catch it. Besides," she added, a little spitefully, "I think William would like me even if I wasn't pretty."

I wasn't prepared for a blast like that.

"I'd like to speak to you," said Lena in a low voice. She picked up a stone, a small smooth one, and nervously clapped it from one hand to the other.

"Are wedding bells going to ring for you and William?" I asked, sitting on the rock a few feet away from Lena.

"If she'll let them."

"Who? Mrs. Otter?"

"Yes," gulped Lena. "But no matter how much he cared for a girl, William wouldn't marry her unless his mother liked her too." Here there was a note of pride rather than reproach in Lena's voice. "It's all family with him. He thinks the world of his home, of his mother and father, sisters and brothers. I would too, if only Mrs. Otter would let me. But she thinks I'm no good."

Picking a daisy that was nodding over the stream, she brushed it against her lips and then started biting down the stem. "Do you know," she said in her well-spoken way, "that even some of the little boys think I'm bad. One day Mickey asked me if all bad girls had red hair."

"I used to think that myself when I was a little boy," I said. "Then, when I grew up, I married a redhead."

"Yes, you're grown up now—not a little boy like Mickey—and you, too, think I'm not good enough for William, don't you?" said Lena quite desperately. "It's your opinion that I shouldn't have come, isn't it—and that perhaps I ought to go away?"

"Well, Lena," I began, lamely enough, "it's only fair to tell you that I can't understand why a girl as lovely as you, as well dressed, as well-spoken, who's obviously had some kind of background suggestive of luxury, culture, should come to Otter Hill—should want to stay—could be satisfied to share the future of a simple country boy who has nothing at all of the world's goods to offer."

But that wasn't what I really thought. I had about decided that it was because Lena's former life had been so poor in many things in which Otter Hill could be held rich that she was able to endure the low standard of physical existence on the windy hilltop. Fond of the Otters as I was, and picturesque as I found their domain to be, I myself could never have started existence as an adult in a house where eighteen people did most of their living in the kitchen.

LENA sat watching me with a bitter smile. "You don't think the police are after me and that Otter Hill's my hiding place?"

"I think a girl like you could honestly get almost anything she wanted out of life. Beauty's a happy gift, you know."

"That's what you think," Lena retorted. "I've found it a terrible cross. William brought me here so his mother could grow to like me. If I was homely and skinny and sickly, she *would* like me. Couldn't a homely, skinny, sickly girl be bad, too? And you wonder what it is I want at Otter Hill and why I should like to stay there. Well, I enjoy Otter Hill perhaps for the same reason you do. And you spend about one third of your time there. You think I mind the food and the appearance of the house? I love the farm and this valley."

That was enough for me. But Lena went on: "Besides, I really haven't a home to go to, not a nice one, anyway. My mother's up in Montreal at present, looking after herself, and she doesn't care much about having me around. Right now I might be something of a rival to her. And as for William, he isn't a simple country boy. If he's simple, he's intelligently simple, and that's fine. But I'll tell you why I really fell for him—he was practically the first man I ever met who treated me decently right from the start. I couldn't get over it, and I would live in a pigpen with him," finished Lena vehemently.

For a mere girl like Lena to have been so shaken because a male did not instantly attempt intimacy with her brought home to me the kind of life she must have been part of.

"I met William up in Watertown, where he was looking for Calvin," she said. "He didn't have a car, and I drove him around in one I borrowed—from another man." Lena gave me another one of her defiant looks. "After I'd known him four or five days, William asked me if he could kiss me good night."

Lena smiled softly and forgot for a few moments that I was alive. "The other boys took kisses for granted," she continued, "right from the beginning. But William treated me as if he thought I was just as nice as his sister Mary." Lena's mouth trembled the least bit when she said this. "Getting to know William was the sweetest thing that ever happened to me. I'd hated almost everything about men. But mother had brought me up to believe that popularity with men was very desirable and worth almost anything they asked for it. I didn't know any better. William liked me just for myself. He was content to hold my hand.

"I won't say I've been an angel," Lena went on. "But now that I know the Otters, I realize how hateful the kind of life my mother leads really is and I don't want it for me. But what can I do if Mrs. Otter sends me away? It's William I want to be good for."

"Why don't you go away together?" I said—to my instant regret, because it seemed like disloyalty to Mrs. Otter.

Lena spoke with the air of one who had given the matter serious thought. "If I got William to go away with me, he'd leave so much of himself behind at Otter Hill. I could get him to do it, I think, but he'd really hate to marry a girl his mother didn't like. No, I don't want it to be like that."

I LOOKED at Lena appreciatively, thinking that she was being wonderfully generous. Almost any other girl would have been delighted to separate the man she loved from a mother who disapproved of her.

Lena went on and told me something about her life. Her father had been a bootlegger, operating boats on the St. Lawrence River, plying between Canada and the States. Her father's river career had been an exciting one, and Lena, at a tender age, had had great experience of men and affairs—on boats, in hotels, courtrooms, jails, barrooms, trains, restaurants, and roadhouses. Her mother, not a domestic woman at all, liked to dine out, and Lena remembered closing her heavy eyes and falling asleep long past bedtime with her head on many a glass-topped restaurant table.

If they happened to be on the boat together, Lena's mother and father quarreled almost continuously. Lena's father was finally killed by revenue officers and her mother took up an itinerant sort of existence, dividing her time between Quebec, Montreal, Alexandria Bay.

"Now and then mama and I would go to a movie," Lena said, "and right from the first I enjoyed pictures showing nice family life, children's parties, everybody around the Christmas tree or the Thanksgiving turkey, and that sort of thing. I wanted nice things too, and when I saw William up in Watertown he seemed just the sort of man who epitomized them for me. Believe me, I went after him in a big way," admitted Lena quite unashamedly.

I had to laugh at that, but Lena was quite serious. "Papa put some money in a trust fund for me, and every month I get fifty dollars out of it. I could find a job and with what I earn and the little I get each month from the trust fund, William could go to aviation school. And I'd be as fit a wife as anybody."

"Of course you would, Lena," I said warmly.

"William's so lovely and so pleasant," said Lena, sitting back against the rock and relaxing a little. "Like some of the lines in the Song of Solomon. How do they go?"

" 'Yes, he is altogether lovely. His head is as the most fine gold, his locks are bushy, and black as a raven—' "

"That's right," said Lena eagerly. "Say some more, please."

" 'His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold: his countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars'."

As I walked home, my head was a pleasant jumble of Lena, Mrs. Otter, wood ducks, the Song of Solomon—all comfortably stewing in the conviction that everything would come out all right.

## Holy of Holies

It was music that helped bring Mrs. Otter and Lena together after their unhappy start. Lena played the piano very well, and nature had designed the Otters to be a musical family.

They had talent but no instruments to play on, except for Mr. Otter's battered old accordion.

Four-year-old Molly had the little silver calliope in her throat that piped every time she talked; Mr. Otter nursed a tenor, pleasing if not very strong; Mary sang soprano in the church choir; and Mrs. Otter owned a husky contralto.

Mr. Otter was a magician with his accordion. After a few glasses of cider had moved him to give a recital, his entire family gathered around to listen with appreciation. Mr. Otter played Czech folk songs, Old World waltzes, snatches from the operas, and when he improvised, with his eyes fixed dreamily on the lovely countryside spread like a fan below Otter Hill, what strange reedy melodies the man plucked from the accordion keys and sent dancing across Smoky Valley! Mr. Otter often remarked that it was his dream to have a piano in his house—a dream he never expected would be realized.

But one morning in mid-July, a heavy truck containing a huge rectangular box chugged up Otter Hill.

Not long afterward little Jennie came flying down the hillside like a yellowbird, completely out of breath when she reached my side in the garden. All she could do was look mutely at me out of starry eyes in a face transfixed by joy. After she had caught her breath, she begged me to come right away, "to see what came for us in a great big box."

Jennie's excitement was very infectious. I took her hand and we marched down the road. Neither one of us said a word. I could feel Jennie's pulse beat in her wrist. She led me up the rickety veranda steps, through the kitchen, into the cavelike front parlor.

There stood a brand-new very shiny upright piano, with Lena playing on it, a piano that couldn't have looked more out of place had one come across it in a swamp.

Lena was playing The Song of the Evening Star, from Tannhäuser. The entire family (except Mrs. Otter, who was bustling in the kitchen, trying to look indifferent) was gathered around, their faces blooming radiantly in the tremendous experience of it.

There was something almost sacramental in the atmosphere. The moment was so precious to the Otters, no outsider, like myself, should have been present. Old Corry was sitting in a corner drinking a cup of tea Mrs. Otter had given him, which he presently put down to rub his hands together in delight. "I have always found a cup of tea a soothing thing," he said, "yet the sound of the piano so excites me, I cannot hold the cup. The girl plays well," he added, catching Mrs. Otter's eye. "She has great feeling for the song."

I praised the piano for being lovely to look at and having a fine tone, and Mr. Otter modestly remarked a thing like that was much too good for them and their shabby old house. As I walked back to Red Maples, I wondered if the presence of the piano in the shack would have some kind of sociological effect on the family. I had noticed that the parlor in which it stood had just had the first good cleaning I could remember.

In the succeeding days things began to happen to the shack on the hilltop. The Otters determined to live up to the piano, to attempt to create for themselves a new standard of existence commensurate with what its ownership implied.

Mr. Otter, in a fit of enthusiasm, painted the trim—as it stood it was no fit tabernacle for the holy of holies that graced the front parlor. Mrs. Otter, likewise inspired, gave her dwelling the first good cleaning it had received since the family moved in, winding up by papering the walls and painting and varnishing the woodwork.

Mary made curtains out of material secured in King's General Store. Lena, accompanied by Jennie (who, during this siege of house cleaning and interior decoration, walked around looking as if she were in heaven), caught rides to the village, sometimes two and three times a day, coming home with chintzes, pictures, bowls, vases, and other knickknacks for the shelves and tables.

William attended another country auction, and for seven dollars secured a three-piece green plush parlor suite. The roof was covered with tar paper so that rain would not leak upon the piano. With improvements like these, and a bowl of fresh flowers on it most of the time, that piano gradually came to seem less astonished at finding itself in the shack on Otter Hill.

It was going all the time, too—there was usually a cluster of Otters waiting for their turn on the revolving stool; to play Chopsticks, Mary Had a Little Lamb, and Robin Ree, on a Tree, Saw a Cherry One Two Three.

One day, after the piano had been in the family about a month, the Otters invited me to spend an afternoon with them. They wanted, pardonably enough, to show off their home as they had fixed it up, and for me to view the piano in its new setting. I left Red Maples full of pleasurable anticipation; but as I made the steep ascent of the hill, I heard sounds of lamentation coming through the windows instead of the usual music and song.

Molly was sitting on the chopping block, crying hysterically. Davy and Dennis lay under the thorn-apple tree mixing the salt of their tears. Geoff sat on the veranda roof in stony silence—away from everything.

Mrs. Otter let me in the kitchen; she, too, was highly distressed about something.

Mr. Otter, usually so cheerful, seemed very crestfallen. Mary's eyes were red, and William looked deeply humiliated. The little girls, in a damp huddle behind the kitchen stove, had just stopped crying, but it looked very much as if they were going to start in again. In a hurried check-up, I accounted for them all as being intact and uninjured, and knew I wouldn't have to send home for my first-aid kit. It was something else.

THEN Mrs. Otter, a little reluctantly I thought, asked me to sit in the parlor, where they entertained their company, and at once I knew.

It was gone—it was gone! Acutely aware of my discovery, the Otters did not know where to look, and neither did I. Poor Mary wept without shame now. Mrs. Otter didn't seem to know how to begin.

Trying to keep the chagrin out of her voice, she explained the situation. After purchasing the piano from Flag's Department Store, they hadn't been able to keep up the weekly payments, and so the store had sent out their driver in a big truck to fetch it away.

Late that afternoon, Lena spoke to me when we met on the red iron bridge. "It's all my fault," she said bitterly. "Mary got a job in the village, tending a baby for the summer. She always wanted a piano, so I gave her enough money to make a payment on one, without letting Mrs. Otter know about it."

Lena fished for her handkerchief, a lacy one. "But the piano made a hit with Mrs. Otter right from the beginning. She was really all ears whenever I played, although at first she pretended not to be listening. Her manner toward me, by the way, is becoming friendlier all the while, even if she hasn't spoken to me directly yet. Yesterday I heard her ask Davy where Lena was—I can't tell you how flattered I felt to hear her use my name. But the family whose baby Mary tended moved away from the village and she lost her job. Mrs. Otter hadn't an extra penny, and neither had the boys, and what with the wrist watch I bought for William—that's a secret, too, from Mrs. Otter—I wasn't able to help with the payments that Mary expected to take care of herself. So they took the piano away. But," finished Lena vehemently, "some day I'm going to get them another one, if it's the last thing I do in this world."

*(To be concluded next week)*

## THAT'S HOW FASHIONS ARE BORN

Continued from Page 10

blue." Mainbocher, a Chicago-born American who won fame in Paris and returned to America when war broke out in Europe, is said to have tried out fifty different samples of blue until one was judged exactly right for the Wallace wedding gown. All the other samples were then destroyed, and nobody ever saw either the gown or its color except the duchess, Mainbocher, and the few wedding guests. Yet in that year virtually every designer brought out her version of Wallace blue.

In the field of accessories, horses and dogs both have played their part as inspiration. The famous Phelps handbags and belts, produced by William and Elizabeth Phelps in a New York basement workshop, give full credit to Dobbin. Mr. and Mrs. Phelps explain that they always thought "horses were better dressed than people," and decided to apply the same fine craftsmanship of saddle-making to leather accessories for women. Their fine workmanship brought them the American Fashion Critics' Award.

Top jewelry fashion of the last two seasons has been the dog collar, borrowed directly from Fido. Schoolgirls started the fad by buying ordinary dog collars, preferably studded with bright-colored glass, at five-and-ten-cent stores, and wearing them around their necks, wrists, and waists. Three or four fastened together made a belt to wear with sweaters and jeans.

Jewelers promoted the fad, using jewels and precious metals, and a new national fashion was launched.

FOOTWEAR, too, takes its cues from unexpected sources. The Indian moccasin is the direct forerunner of the favorite casual shoes of the day, known variously as "loafers" and "prontos," worn almost universally by teen-agers. These supplanted the brown-and-white saddle shoes which fell before the wartime edict against two-color shoes.

The ancient Greek sandal is the hit play shoe of this year, completely flat and open, held on by a thong between the toes and another around the heel.

The hit shoe of the fall season, now that restrictions have been lifted, is the platform pump. This was first worn by Toscanini's daughter, Countess Emanuela Castelbarco, who had it specially made for wear on the Lido beach. On her way to America, she wore a pair around the deck.

American shoe designers got the idea quickly and made quantities of platform shoes, which were snapped up by short women who wanted to look taller. Now they have become a top fashion in leatherless France.

The current fashion season, like the past, is full of strange source themes.

The baby's diaper was source material for Claire McCardell's now famous "diaper bathing suit," which was launched in 1944, created a sensation, and this year became the "panung" or "beach clout."

The panung is a single flat piece of wool jersey with a string around the waist and another around the neck. You put it on by first tying the larger end of the garment around the waist, drawing it forward between the legs and tying the other end around the neck. It sounds precarious, but when properly adjusted is snug and secure —though not recommended for hips that measure more than thirty-five inches.

Miss McCardell, a designer as American as an ice-cream cone, is a seeker after simplicity, drawing on Americana for her inspirations. She borrowed little-boy pants


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for "pedal pushers," the knee-length shorts which many girls have been persuaded to substitute for their beloved rolled-up blue jeans.

She did them in bright Scotch tartans as well as classic gray flannel, and started a new campus fashion.

EVEN grandfather's red flannel underwear was not safe from the roving McCardell eye. It inspired another campus fad which has settled down into a standard fashion—the leotard. This is simply long woolen underwear, complete with feet, worn beneath broad-shouldered jumpers or wrap-around skirts, designed at first for college girls to wear in cold dormitories and classrooms chilled by fuel rationing. Miss McCardell made the underwear decorative and gay by doing it in bright colors and variegated stripes. Girls took to the simple and practical costume with glee. Now it appears also in short versions—sweater top and shorts all in one piece, to wear with skirt or jumper.

Still another McCardell style hit originated with General MacArthur's bush jacket. This is a practical garment of heavy white duck, stitched in black, which has become a favorite beach coat of the year, and may be worn with anything, from jeans to skirts.

The mummy immortalized in this year's big parade of fashion lies in a case in the Metropolitan Museum. Designer Omar Kiam, browsing there in search of an idea, was fascinated by the skillful and decorative draping of the mummy's swathings, and designed a draped evening gown with the same graceful lines.

This was shown in the recent fashion exhibition sponsored jointly by the Metropolitan Museum and its new affiliate, the Costume Institute, where most of America's top-flight dress and fabric designers co-operated to present a spectacular exhibition of costumes inspired by museum items.

In the same exhibit, Egyptian hieroglyphics on a painted wooden coffin (*circa* 2000 B. C.) inspired a rayon print used by Adele Simpson in a current evening gown. A German wheelock pistol, a sultan's turban, a Spanish wrought-iron cock, and a stone Buddha also provided style ideas.

In one case, however, inspiration backfired. A fabric designer reproduced a page from the Koran on a printed crepe fabric used in a gown shown in the museum exhibition. The New York Times published a photograph of the dress, and immediately was chided by indignant Mohammedans, who pointed out that this was sacrilege akin to using a page of the Bible in a costume design, or making a dress out of the American flag.

Nothing is safe from the roving eye of a fashion designer intent on her work. In this fall's collections you will find immortalized such widely different items as Eisenhower's combat jacket, the stovepipe hats of Mr. Pickwick, and the weird abstract paintings of Piet Mondrian, new rage of the admirers of nonobjective art.

Designer Brownie, of the New York firm of Fox-Brownie, attended the recent Mondrian exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. She studied the strange paintings, which are curveless combinations of lines and bright blocks of color, and saw there the basis for her next fashion creations.

Look also for the influence of Mme. Chiang Kai-shek in fall fashions, as in the last two seasons. Her Chinese robes have inspired a dozen designers to create dresses and suits in the Chinese manner, with high collars and side fastenings.

Daniel Boone's fringed buckskin jacket and coonskin cap continue to influence the fashion scene this fall. Dan'l no doubt would shudder at having designed one of the favorite campus jackets of the last few seasons; also, his fur cap continues to appear in high-style millinery collections, but not in lowly raccoon—it's in mink or ermine.

The current style picture also reflects America's love for cowboy legends, songs, and clothes. High-school and college girls have adopted the cowpuncher's blue jeans, complete with red stitching and brass rivets, and refuse to let them go; they have taken the shirt off his back, cherishing its vivid plaids and checks, and wear it usually with the shirttail out. They have stolen his bandanna, swiped his fancy tooled-leather belt, and adopted his sombrero.

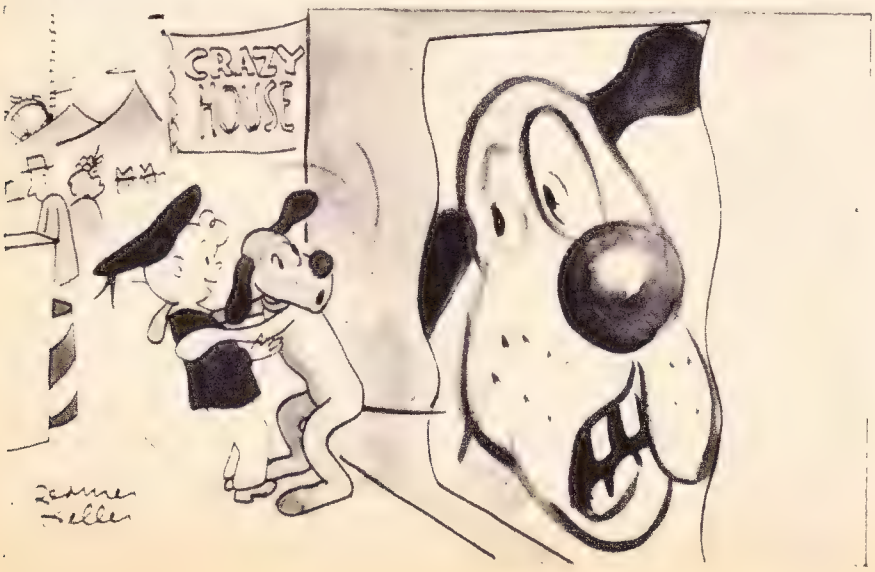
The fall hat picture may be considerably influenced by the fact that Sally Victor's young son was assigned to write a theme on the American Indian. His mother accompanied him to the Museum of Indian Art, and now she says:

"I'm warning you—you're going to see a lot of feathers this fall!"

Such is the way of the designer. Everything is grist to her mill. So if you write a hit song or a best seller, produce a Broadway success or paint an art sensation, look for its reflection the next season in Mrs. America's Sunday dress.

THE END

## HARDTACK




## THAT GIRL

Continued from Page 12

Kelvalis mowing the lawn in undershirt and derby, his breath heavy with garlic. And probably Mrs. Kelvalis trod grapes into wine with her bare feet. But it wouldn't do, he knew, to press Bud further; when Bud got stubborn, he clammed up completely. *He would have to figure an angle, after all.*

HOWARD'S angle developed logically from a combination of fortuitous but unrelated circumstances. Bud asked permission to use the family sedan for a date. And Lillian departed on the spur of the moment to visit her sister in Pittsburgh who was scheduled to have a baby.

"I'll only be gone a week," Lil told Howard breathlessly. "I hate to run off like this, but it's the poor child's first, and—"

It was then that the idea—the angle—came to Howard, so he waved her hesitation aside.

"Go on, dope," he grinned. "And don't worry about Bud. I'll have all the facts by the time you get back."

When Lillian looked suspicious, her expression was just like Bud's. She said now, "Howard, you promised. No angles." She fluttered with her hands. "You always make things so complicated when you start solving them."

HOWARD waited until the day after Lillian left before approaching Bud, wanting to figure all the facets of his angle before starting the ball rolling. Actually he failed to see how the plan could miscarry.

If Bud did turn the proposal down—well, then it would be time to really start wondering if the Kelvalis girl had a juvenile-delinquency record, or something. It had been rather disquieting that none of the other parents at P. T. A. had met the Kelvalises; and a search of the directory had revealed that they were not in the book.

When Howard propositioned him, Bud gawked in stunned silence.

"Double date?" he demanded, as though his father were on the lunatic fringe. "I don't get it."

Howard fumbled in his corduroy pants pocket for a cigarette, feeling a trifle foolish. "I mean a double date with me." He exhaled smoke with dignity.

Bud dropped his cleaning cloth. "With you? Did you say with *you*?"

"Well, what's so funny about that?"

Bud composed his features. "Sure, that would be a trick, pop, but—well, I still don't get it. I mean, we belong to a different generation and all."

"I am not yet dead and buried, young man. And it has even been rumored that, upon occasion, citizens of this community have actually seen me revolving upon the dance floor."

"Yeah, sure, but mom's away."

Howard hastened to explain:

"Oh, I thought I'd take Mary Bolton. She's sort of between our generations, and could act as interpreter." Mary had attained the senile age of twenty-seven, and was supposed to get on well with young people—Lillian often said. The two girls were good friends and Howard was pretty sure that Mary would play ball when he told her the score.

"Dame Bolton is O. K.," Bud said without enthusiasm. Then, with sudden suspicion, "Who do I drag?"

Howard made his surprise casual. "Who? Why, Pat Kelvalis, I suppose."

Bud's grin was wise. "Oh, a plant, huh? Nix, pop."

"What could I do? He insisted I get in with him."

Howard put all his cards on the table. "I thought we'd go to the Rendezvous—dinner, dance, the works. In *my* car. *On* me—the whole business." And he added quickly, "I don't see why you and I can't do the town together once in a while."

"The Rendezvous," Bud said in thoughtful appraisal. "In your bus, and on you, eh?" His eyes brightened. "You know, I guess you and I ought to go out together once in a while, at that. After all, we're blood relations."

THE Rendezvous was jam-packed. Howard had reserved a table near the orchestra stand, and the four of them sat in a polite vacuum, smiling reassuringly at one another as they fidgeted. The Rendezvous was the mecca of the high-school crowd, and occasionally Bud waved a casual hand and said, "Hiya, boy!" or, to some sophisticated child scarcely out of her rompers, "Whaddya know, there!" When the kid grinned, Howard thought, he was damn good-looking.

The smoke-filled atmosphere made Howard's eyes smart and he blinked them, looking covertly at Pat Kelvalis across the table. So far he was agreeably surprised. Pat had a strain of Slavic blood, no doubt, but she was certainly not a foreigner in the Ellis Island sense of the word. Indeed she was soft-spoken and charming; and she seemed to be one of those rarities among the younger generation who did not consider her elders as bearded patriarchs, to be good-humoredly tolerated.

She spoke now in a soft voice: "You must find this pretty noisy, Mr. Latham."

"Not at all," Howard said with pumped-up enthusiasm. "Great stuff!" And he added gallantly, "I must say I admire Bud's taste."

Pat's dark eyes smiled and she lowered her black lashes and blushed prettily.

"Oh, pop just says that because it's true," Bud drawled.

Watching Bud, Howard found it hard to believe that he was only seventeen. In his tux he seemed older, more worldly-wise. His eyes swung to Pat. No doubt girls matured much more quickly than boys. Certainly Pat could easily pass for nineteen or twenty. Her dinner dress was cut rather low, but it was in good taste; and right now she had the poise of a matron.

The youngsters ordered beer, and he and Mary dry Martinis. They lit cigarettes, and with a reassuring look in his direction, Mary took over. She was being young


# 失交友易難

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**But you can lose one in an hour!"** *

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and gay and understanding, and she was making the party *go*.

But beside Pat, Howard reflected, Mary Bolton somehow seemed like a schoolmarm on sabbatical leave; and very definitely she talked too much. Odd that he had never noticed this before.

The orchestra blared forth and they danced. Mary Bolton was a good dancer. She smiled at him gaily.

"Bud's Pat is a nice child," she said with the air of a conspirator. "Terribly gauche, of course, but—"

Howard thought, Kitty! and wondered what dancing with Pat would be like. He decided to find out, and when they returned to the table, he suggested to Bud that they swap partners.

"Yeah, sure," Bud said, none too cordially. He turned with resignation to Mary and they glided out on the floor, doing something intricate and completely crazy with their feet. Howard looked questioningly at Pat.

She put down her compact, said with charming deference, "I'd adore dancing with you, Mr. Latham, but let's get a breath of fresh air first. This smoke!"

The night air was cool and sweet in their faces and a sliver of moon rode high in the sky. Pat led the way to a secluded corner, and he lit a cigarette for her, nostalgically aware of her youth and freshness.

Howard smiled, remembering what Bud had said when the girls had excused themselves to powder noses earlier.

"Well, how do you like *that girl*, pop?"

"Darn nice, Bud," he had replied fervently. "You sure can pick 'em."

"You do pretty good as a wolf yourself," Bud had said. "Pat thinks you're swell."

"She the one and only?" Howard had asked after a companionable moment of silence.

"For right now. She's super—see?—and the other guys try to beat my time, and—I mean, we're going steady and all, but—"

"I see," Howard said, although he didn't.

Something Pat was saying brought him back to the present. "You seem awfully *young* to have a son Bud's age, Mr. Latham. Honestly."

"Stuff and nonsense," he demurred, foolishly pleased by the compliment. "I'm old enough to be your father." And because that was far from the humorous exaggeration he had intended, he added quickly, "Your grandfather, I mean."

Then Pat was drawing him farther into the shadows. Suddenly she put her arms about his neck and looked up at him, her black eyes laughing impishly, her childish mouth inviting.

He remembered that this was Bud's girl, and turned his head quickly, so that the kiss missed his mouth, trailing a path of warm fragrance across his cheek.

He cleared his throat and stepped away, trying not to be too abrupt. "You're very kind," he said dutifully; and in the next breath, "We'd better be getting back to the table, don't you think?"

He felt that Pat was laughing at him, that she was savoring his discomfiture. A fine broken-down Romeo he had turned out to be! She had merely wanted to place the stamp of approval on Bud's old man, and he had shied away like a frightened horse.

THEN they saw Bud—standing by the French doors, looking at them with a still face. Pat ran to his side and seized his arm. "Snooper!" she scolded.

Howard stood there, watching Bud. His stomach felt queasy and his knees too loose at the joints. What the devil could he say? That Bud's girl had kissed him to be polite; that he'd had absolutely nothing to do with it? Oh, fine!

Only maybe Bud *hadn't* seen at all.

"Naughty-naughty!" Bud said, with a faint grin on his face.

Howard cleared his throat. "We came out here to admire the moon," he said idiotically. So Bud had seen.

"Some moon," Bud said. "Leer-leer."

Pat said, "Listen, darling. Let's—"

Bud interrupted: "Be back in a sec. Gotta get some cigs I left in the car." And he loped across the terrace and galloped down the stone steps past the syringa bushes.

Howard cleared his throat again.

"Well, shall we go in? I'm afraid Miss Bolton is alone at the table." The "Miss" he put in front of the Bolton was a handle to hang on to.

Pat had her compact out. "You go ahead, Mr. Latham, if you want to. I'll wait out here for Bud." She hesitated. "I see someone over there I know. You go ahead in."

Feeling like a rascal and a seducer, he turned and walked through the French doors. Could it have been that Pat had not intended the kiss as innocently as he had supposed?

When Pat returned to the table, Bud was with her, and his face was like a thundercloud. With frozen courtesy he seated her, yanked his own chair out. They've been fighting, Howard thought. Bud misunderstood what he saw out there, and Pat is too proud to set him right!

He knew, then, that he would have to explain everything to the boy. No matter what light it put himself—or Pat—in. After all, the whole thing had been absolutely innocent. *Or hadn't it?*

Mary was chirping like a sparrow full of benzedrine, but no one paid much attention to her. Howard told a story or two concerning his undergraduate days, gaily stressing how long ago *that* had been. When he had finished, Bud regarded him bleakly and said in a curiously level voice, "Ding-ding!" Pat just sat there looking angry—or was it guilty? As if by mutual consent, they all decided it would be a good idea to call it a night.

Howard drove Mary Bolton home first, then Pat. The kids had been quiet in the back seat, talking only in too casual monosyllables; and when Pat got out of the car, she let it be known that she needed no further escort, and after thanking Howard somewhat coolly (he thought) for a perfectly grand evening, she clip-clopped up the brick walk, chin in air.

On the way home Howard parked by the old Merrick Road and lit a cigarette. Might as well have it out right now, he thought uneasily. Bud had come up front when Pat got out, and now he lit a cigarette too, looking questioningly and impatiently at his father.

"Listen, Bud. This whole thing is a misunderstanding."

For a moment Bud remained silent. "Oh, I'll get over it," he said finally. "Let's not talk about it."

Howard squirmed. By heaven, this was ridiculous. He tried again: "No use being dramatic, son. Great scott, you can believe me, can't you?"

"Sure. Whaddya mean?"

"That kiss meant nothing. Absolutely nothing at all—believe me!"

Bud nodded with slow conviction. "I *thought* you were taken in."

"Just a friendly gesture," Howard went on quickly, wondering exactly how Bud had meant *that*.

Bud's voice rose on a note that was half anger, half hurt. "Yeah? That's what you think!"

Howard felt his patience begin to slip. "Don't be a dope, Bud. Pat was just being friendly and—and nice."

Bud swung about in his seat. "I don't want to talk about it, see? For crying out loud, pop!"

Long after Bud had gone to bed Howard sat in the armchair by the fireplace, smoking innumerable cigarettes and wishing to hell that Lil would get back from Pittsburgh.

SHE did, two days later, reporting beatifically that everything was fine, though slightly premature, her tone implying that she and the Almighty had teamed up to hurry things along.

Howard wandered out into the petunias to recapitulate while she was unpacking. He would sound like a complete idiot, of course, but he would have to tell all. He frowned, remembering how Lil had warned him against figuring one of his "angles."

But the present situation was intolerable. Obviously Bud blamed Pat rather than him; but perhaps if Lillian and he both talked to Bud, they could convince him that Pat's action had been the naïve prank of a playful child—as of course it had been.

Lillian made up a cup of tea and brought it into the living room, sitting opposite him on the divan. "My dear," she began, "it went just swimmingly!"

Howard hated to squelch her girlish enthusiasm for the cycle of life, but *this* was important. "Hold on to your hat," he said grimly, "and listen!"

## COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

### *(Unabashed)*

**DISDRESS:** Unhappiness with a new garment.

**AWED-IENCE:** Patrons at the opera.

**KILLT:** A dead Scot.

**HYPNOTISN'T:** The science of not putting people to sleep.

**EXPEDISHES:** Washing them quickly.

**LOWYER:** A shyster.

**DESSERTATION:** A thesis on apple pie.

**WINDOUGH:** Where you collect at the horse races.

**TEATOTALER:** He just drinks coffee.

**BATHDUB:** A guy who buys a square one so he can't get rings in it.

"I told you we should have rented two boats!"

Without sparing himself—much—he told the whole story. Lillian's reaction was peculiar, to say the least. She neither fainted nor paled. She merely favored him with a birdlike stare over the rim of her cup and asked if he were sure he weren't gilding the lily.

"I mean," she elucidated, "it doesn't ring true. According to what you intimate, this Pat Kelvalis was so irresistibly attracted by your dash and zip that she sort of swooned in your arms."

Howard was mdignant. "That's not what I said!"

"It's what you thought." Lillian set the teacup down and smiled fondly. "Darling, you're such a nice old thing."

"If I may get a word in edgewise," Howard retorted with dignity, "this is not a situation to be laughed aside. Bud is pretty well broken up, you know."

Lillian continued to smile. "We'll talk it over with him tonight. But it wasn't your fault—do get that out of your head, Howard. Not," she added hastily, "that you're not attractive to females, sweetie, but—"

And with that he had to be content, thinking grumpily that it was just like a woman to underestimate the—well, magnetism—of the man she married.

AFTER dinner, Bud forestalled the heart-to-heart talk for a moment by going to the telephone. As usual, he lay full length on the floor, his feet on the chair by the table, the phone propped on his chest near enough to his face for lip service, his hands clasped under his head. The raucous voice of Spike Hart was heard in the far corners of the room where Howard and Lillian sat, their ears genteelly cocked as they pretended absorption with the evening paper.

Bud said, "Whaddya know, boy?" and Spike said, "Hiya, boy?" and the meeting came to order. For a minute or two conversation dealt with carburetors and the high price of secondhand retreads. Then Spike was heard to ask about Pat. Specifically he said, "How's La Flamme?"

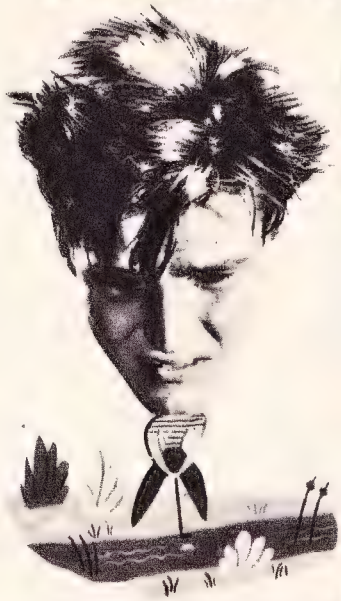
Bud made his stomach protrude to slide the receiver nearer his face and drawled, "Oh, Pat? Heck, I don't know. . . . Say, this Jo-Jo Spears is pretty trick, hey? You know, the new babe in English lit."

Spike's voice gained in volume. "You mean to tell me that you and Pat have zipped out?"

Howard waited for Bud's reply, feeling Lillian's eyes upon him.

"For cryin' out loud, Spike, I'm not


# DRY, UNRULY SUMMER HAIR STYMIES MEN WITH GIRLS



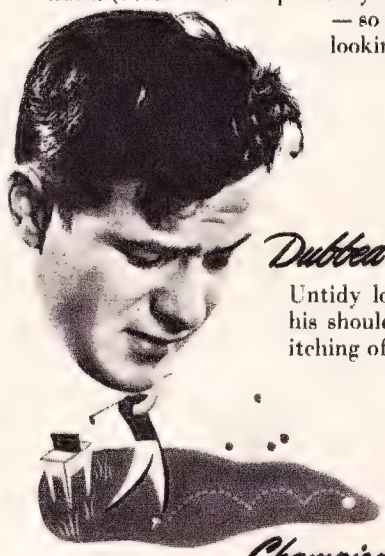
**But KREML grooms stubborn hair neat as a pin—so *lustrous*—yet never looking oily or greasy . . .**

## Water Hazard

First day off in weeks found him on links. But what a wild, unruly mess it makes his hair for tonight's date. Combing his hair with water doesn't keep it in place. But Kreml grooms hair *handsomely*.

## Grease Trap

Too late he realized he should never plaster his hair down with grease. How girls tittered behind his back. (P.S. Kreml keeps ornery summer hair so neat—so *lustrous*—yet never looking oily or greasy.)



## Dubbed his Shot

Untidy loose dandruff kept many a girl's head off his shoulders. Kreml is *famous* to promptly relieve itching of dry scalp and remove dandruff flakes.

## Champion with Ladies

He found Kreml "just right" to groom his dry, unruly summer hair. Wherever he goes—girls admire his handsome Kreml-groomed hair—so keen and spruce—and so masculine looking. Use Kreml to help improve the appearance of *your* hair!

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# KREML HAIR TONIC

**Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy**
**Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp — Removes Dandruff Flakes**

MADE IN CANADA BY LAURENTIAN LABORATORIES, LTD., MONTREAL

"It's just that he's so happy for you, silly!"

married to Pat, am I?" And he added, his voice rich with scorn, "Heck, those things don't last forever, boy!"

Howard breathed again. Bud's tone had not gone tremolo with heartbreak. It had not even sounded especially regretful. In fact, it sounded very casual indeed, until the new babe from English lit was mentioned again.

Howard looked at Lillian and Lillian looked at Howard, and suddenly she clamped a hand to her mouth and began to shake all over. Not that Howard cared. He felt much too good over the fact that Bud was O. K.—that this unfortunate business was done and forgotten. Though he would have to watch himself in the future, of course. And he exhaled a thin banner of smoke, studying the toe of his boot through veiled lids with an insouciant smile of debonair amusement.

Presently Bud hung up and got to his feet by turning a quick backward somersault.

"Think I'll simonize the bus tomorrow," he offered, yawning luxuriously.

Howard stepped nimbly into the breach. "I'll hold it together while you work on it," he offered. Then, "So you and Pat Kelvalis are washed up?"

"Oh, sure," said Bud indifferently. "Flighty. Ever since that night when she kissed Charlie Peabody. You know—at the Rendezvous."

"The Rendezvous?" Howard said, sounding punchy. "Charlie Peabody?"

"Oh, sure. Saw it when I came back from getting the cigs in the car. Out on the porch. You did too, didn't you?"

"Did what?" Howard asked weakly.

"Saw her smack Charlie. Why, heck, from what you said, I—"

Lillian spoke severely but she didn't look severe: "Pat kissed your father too, didn't she?"

Bud looked puzzled. "Oh, sure. She bussed pop because I asked her to. Thrill-thrill." He grinned at his father; added, "You must have given her ideas, pop. Guess the body isn't buried yet."

Howard grinned too, because anybody could see that Bud had said what he did only because such a conclusion was obviously ridiculous to absolutely anyone.

"Your father," said Lillian too guilelessly, "was afraid that you were upset because Pat had kissed *him*. You weren't, though, were you, darling?"

Bud regarded his parents with an amused grin. "Why, sure," he said. "Hoot-hoot!"

THE END

# MENG KAI'S DAY OF GLORY

Continued from Page 9

raging across the crude plank tables, for the war news posted on the public bulletin boards that morning was very bad. The Japanese advance upon the city had quickened—Wan-Tok Pass in the hills had already fallen, and now the brown hordes of Nippon would come rolling down the valley like a tidal wave.

Of all the voices in the room, that of Wang Gat the shoemaker was angriest. "Aye, our city will fall to the Brown Devils like a ripe plum!" he shouted. "How can it be defended, now that Wan-Tok Pass is gone? And why should Wan-Tok fall? How is it these Brown Devils always know where to strike?"

Wang Gat paused for breath, and a voice cried out, "The *han-giens!* The *han-giens* are to blame!"

"Aye!" Wang Gat thundered. "We have traitors in our midst—thrice-accursed *han-giens* in high places who purchase safety for themselves, and open our gates to the cursed enemy!"

But Meng Kai shook his head and shrugged. What did it matter to him whether the Japanese came or not? He need have no fears—he had nothing to lose.

Wang Gat was still shouting when Meng Kai left the food shop. "Three days! Mark my words—in three days the Brown Devils will be here, and we shall all be eating dust under the heel of the conquerors!"

At the ancient well in the square, Meng Kai scoured his wooden bowl and dried it in the sun, and then set out for Green Buddha Square, to make his daily inquiry for letters.

"I am sorry, Meng Kai, there is nothing," Sang informed him.

Meng shook his head. "*Ai-yee*, it is three months and eleven days since my son's last writing. I fear his silence."

"Have patience," Sang Poh counseled. "This is a time of war—the roads are uncertain, and the postal messengers are often late." He lowered his voice: "Do you think it is true, Meng Kai, that the Japanese will come to our city?"

"Aye, curse them, they will come, Sang Poh—as surely as death comes," Meng replied. "They come wherever rich looting is to be had."

"Then I must hide portions of my stock," Sang murmured. "I have some rare old editions of the Five Classics, and a truly marvelous copy of the poems of Li Po, with illustrations painted upon silk—"

Meng touched the bookseller's arm. "When the Japanese come, Sang Poh, your books will be safe enough, but if you are wise, you will hide your daughter Mei-An from their sight."

Sang Poh gave him a startled look. "Do you think—" His voice trailed to a whisper.

"I do not think, Sang Poh—I know!" Meng replied grimly. "I have seen these Brown Devils and their evil work before."

AND Meng Kai remembered the warm glow he had seen come into his son's eyes the very first time young Lee had caught a glimpse of Mei-An. Aye, he thought, perhaps in the fullness of time, when peace reigned once more, and the House of Meng stood restored, something might be arranged. They would be well and happily matched, those two fine ones—his son Lee and pretty little Mei-An.

Meng Kai said good-by and set about his daily search for some lucrative spot which had not already been seized upon and parceled out by the agents of the Beggars' Guild.

Business was very bad that day. Only a few *cash* and some coppers had come clinking down into his bowl.

Not that there was any lack of traffic in the streets, for the city was in a very ferment of movement toward the South and West Gates, and many shopkeepers had already fastened their heavy wooden shutters and locked their doors.

Later that day Meng Kai sat counting the meager contents of his bowl. "*Ai-yee*," he said sadly, "it is not a time for almsgiving, and by the look of the sky, it will rain before darkness. I will go to the Hutung Choy Lung and feast my eyes again upon the wondrous house of Meng Kai the lucky."

And arriving in Lucky Dragon Lane, Meng the beggar spread his mat in a gateway opposite the red-tiled wall of Meng the official. The *hutung* wore a hushed and deserted air, for almost all the wealthy families along its crooked length had already fled the city.

The family of Meng the official had been among these. Meng Kai had watched their departure several days before—two carts piled high with travel baggage, another cart for the menservants and womenservants, Meng's wife carried in her curtained sedan chair, sitting up as haughtily as a wooden goddess, and the son of the

"With you it's nag, nag, nag all the time!"

house, riding in a ricksha, smoking a foreign cigarette.

Meng Kai looked at the black-painted gate. The great house was deserted now, except for Meng the owner and one servant, the gatekeeper Yuan.

Meng lifted his eyes to the blue-tiled roof nestling beyond the high wall, and let his thoughts drift. In his mind's eye Meng Kai could see it all so clearly—the courtyards hung with colored lanterns, the night gay with music and laughter, the banqueting hall with great mounds of fruits and nuts and sweetmeats, the smiling guests lifting their wine-cups to his jovial shout of *"Kan-pei!"* (Dry cup!)

Aye, and then the procession of silk-robed servants bearing enormous platters of choice foods—whole suckling pigs, plump roast ducks stuffed with water chestnuts and ginger, fine white-fleshed fish swimming in brandy sauce, turtles slow-broiled in their own horny shells.

Then Meng Kai shook his head sadly. *"Hoya,* I am nothing but an old fool," he muttered. If these dreams were known to my son Lee, he would surely think I had become a smoker of the forbidden *chandoo* pipe."

Meng reached into his pilgrim's wallet and took out the four precious letters from

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

**Why was Captain Kidd hanged?**

**The real reason why Captain William Kidd was hanged was not because he was a pirate, but because he was convicted of murdering William Moore, a member of his crew.**

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

his son. The first two had come from far-off Szechuan, where Lee had taken his basic training; the third and fourth from Yunnan, where he had been in the fighting to hold the Burma Road.

Gently Meng Kai ran his thin fingers over Lee's last letter, in which his son told of his combat experience and announced that he was no longer a mere *lao ping,* but had won a sergeant's tab.

As a sudden flurry of rain pattered in the dust of the lane, a few drops rattled crisply over Lee's letters before Meng Kai could thrust them back into his wallet. While he had been daydreaming the overcast sky had darkened and in another moment it began to rain in earnest. And when darkness came, it still rained.

Then, as the rain slackened and died, Meng Kai rolled up his mat and started out. But he had only reached the street intersection when the rain burst forth again with fresh fury and he had to take refuge in a near-by gateway.

Presently an oxcart came lumbering along and the driver, catching sight of Meng Kai's huddled figure, pulled up. *"Hola!"* he called out. "Is this the Hutung Choy Lung?"

"Aye!" Meng replied.

"I seek the house of Meng Kai the official," the driver said. "Can you direct me to it?"

"Aye," Meng answered, and getting up, he climbed into the cart. "Keep straight ahead. It is not far." He glanced at the cart and the countryman driver. "Your beasts are splashed with mud to their horns," he remarked. "Have you come a great distance?"

"Five days' journey," the driver replied. "I am a Meng farmer. Old Grandmother Meng lies dying at the ancestral home, and will not draw her last breath until her son comes to stand by her side. So I am sent to bring Meng the official in all haste."

"This is sorrowful news," Meng Kai said politely. "And yonder is the house of Meng


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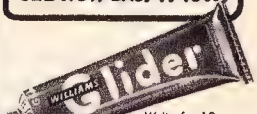


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GLIDER'S ACTUALLY AN OINTMENT FOR THE SKIN!

**"Have you noticed? Junior has quite a flair for arson!"**

Kai—the one that has the black gate."

"Gracious thanks," the driver replied. Meng Kai climbed down and crossed the *hutung* to his previous refuge, from whence he watched the driver descend and strike the gong beside the gate.

IN a little while preparations for a hurried departure were evident. The driver and Yuan came out into the *hutung* carrying hastily wrapped bundles and bulging hampers of food, which they stowed away in the cart.

Then Meng Kai the official came through the gateway. He was evidently in an angry humor—cursing the night, the rain, the length of the journey ahead, the slowness of oxen.

Now the driver was in his place, with Meng the official beside him, but the cart did not yet move. Yuan the *mafoo* had gone back into the courtyard, closing the heavy gate and dropping its wooden crossbar into place. Then Yuan's head appeared above the rim of the high wall. The *mafoo* climbed over, hung by his hands an instant, then dropped down into the *hutung*. As he climbed into the cart, the driver prodded the black oxen and the rumbling wheels began to turn.

Meng Kai the beggar stood staring after the disappearing cart. Then his eyes turned slowly toward the black gate across the *hutung*—and temptation came to him. It was night, and it was raining, and there stood the house of Meng the official, completely deserted—offering him shelter, offering him a heaven-sent opportunity to explore for himself this hidden world of wealth about which he had so often sat and dreamed.

Abruptly Meng came to his decision. With a quick look around the deserted *hutung*, he crossed to the black gate. At first glance it seemed as unscalable as the high wall, but Meng noticed crosspieces and hinge joints that offered a foothold.

On the second attempt he managed to climb to the top of the tall gate and drop down inside into darkness.

He struck a match, holding his cupped hand above the yellow flame, and found himself staring at the great tiled dragon of the wide devil screen set inside the gate. To his left stood the little gate lodge of Yuan the *mafoo*. Across the dark compound the rambling house stretched its shadowy bulk.

"I have only three matches," Meng said to himself. "I will wait for daylight to explore this house of many courts."

Groping his way into the *mafoo's* lodge, he struck another match, and finding Yuan's bamboo cot, stretched out on it with a contented sigh.

It was full morning when Meng Kai awoke. For a moment he sat bolt upright, staring, not knowing where he was. Then he hurried to the door.

The main courtyard lay before him, paved with golden sun. There were trellised vines along the walls, and a garden pool where pink lotus buds floated on their green pads and golden-red carp lurked lazily in the crystal depths.

Through a round moon-gate guarded by a pair of stone *foo* dogs he entered another court, and still another. The place was a maze of courts, each with its own particular flower scent—the delicate fragrance of white priest lilies, the spicy tang of marigolds, the haunting sweetness of *kwe-hwa* blossoms.

And there were rooms opening upon these courts—rooms with silken hangings and lacquer panels and with beautiful furniture everywhere — hand-carved teak and lustrous blackwood and ebony inlaid with pearl. There were masters' rooms and servants' rooms and dining halls. There was a vast kitchen where a meal for a hundred might be prepared.

"*Ai-yee!*" Meng Kai exclaimed, staring at the endless shelves and storage bins crammed with the food left behind by the Meng family in their flight. "By Tao, I can now eat my fill," he muttered. "It will not be robbing Meng the official, who has left all this behind for the feasting of rats and mice."

So Meng the beggar cooked himself a princely breakfast. And after he had eaten he gently rubbed his stomach and continued his exploring. He entered a library which had ten times as many books in it as Sang Poh the bookseller had in his entire shop. Adjoining that was a scholar's den, an austere room paneled in white rice paper and containing nothing but a foot-high writing desk and two teakwood pedestals holding a pair of tiny dwarf pine trees, perfectly matched.

And then he came upon Meng the official's private chamber. It had a great carved sleeping *k'ang* with silken covers, even as he had seen it in his dream, and there were Soochow chests painted crimson and jade green and peacock blue, and crammed with clothing of all descriptions.

"Aye, it is a day of marvels!" Meng exclaimed. "I stand here like a shipwrecked sailor cast up by the seas of chance on an island of paradise." And seeing all this fine raiment, Meng the beggar found himself sorely tempted to see how he would look in the superior garments of his wealthy namesake.

SO Meng Kai took off his beggar's garb and clothed himself in a magnificent mandarin robe of blue and silver, with brocaded shoes and a blue velvet skullcap. Then he stood before a large round gong hanging on the wall, and stared in amazement at his reflection.

"*Hoya!*" he murmured. "Whose eyes would now be sharp enough to look upon me and say 'There stands Meng Kai the beggar'?"

And Meng was so delighted that he could not bring himself to strip off his borrowed finery. He was still wearing the mandarin robe when he came upon a wide gilded doorway to a quiet shadowy room.

"It is the Hall of Ancestors!" Meng said to himself, and stood silently before the ancestral tablets of the House of Meng, staring curiously at the endless list of names inscribed on the family scroll hanging on the wall.

And thinking of the neglected grave mounds of his own humble ancestors lying beyond the barley field of his lost farm, Meng placed a row of burning joss in the sanded bowl before the tablets, and striking the little red prayer drum beside the altar to gain the gods' attention, he made the nine-time kowtow, slowly and with deep reverence.

It was strange how quickly that day of marvels passed. When darkness came upon him, the great house was still half unexplored. That night he slept in the *k'ang* of Meng the official, with a night lamp burning beside the bed, so that he might feast his eyes upon the splendors of the room until the moment of sleep.

In the morning it seemed only natural for Meng to clothe himself in borrowed silk again. There were new rooms to explore, new wonders to exclaim over. He reveled in this new and strange world of luxury, oblivious to everything beyond the compound walls.

BUT that night there was a distant rumbling in the northern sky. It was thunder—the thunder of Japanese guns. Meng Kai did not hear it, for he lay fast asleep under his silken covers. But the next morning he could not fail to notice the extraordinary silence that hung over the city—an uneasy silence like the waiting stillness of caught breath.

In Lucky Dragon Lane not a wheel turned, not a step sounded, not a voice was heard. And then, midway of the Hour of the Serpent, the silence was broken—broken by the sharp crackle of rifle fire in the distance.

A nameless man raced through the *hutung*, screaming "The Brown Devils have come! Bury your silver and hide your women!"

Meng Kai could not make up his mind whether to stay or flee, but even as he hesitated, the Japanese reached Lucky Dragon Lane. He heard the trampling of their feet, the shouting of their orders: "Open to the soldiers of the emperor! Open—or die!"

Racing through the inner moon-gate, he made his way to the rear wall of the compound, and climbing a vine trellis, swung his leg over the top of the wall. But there were Japanese in this *hutung* too, and swift rifles slanted upward at him. Meng dropped inside again, a split second before bullets raked the green boughs overhead and ricocheted wildly from the tiled wall.

Now the gun butts were thundering against the outer gate. "Open! Open—or die!"

Gathering his courage, Meng went to the gate and unfastened the bar. As the gate swung back, four Japanese soldiers stormed inside, followed by a squint-eyed lieutenant with a black pistol in one hand and a notebook in the other.

"Your name?" the lieutenant snapped in badly accented Chinese.

"My name is Meng Kai," Meng answered.

The lieutenant's pencil poised in mid-air. "Meng Kai the official?" he said in his hissing accent. "Then it will not be necessary to search your house. Your family is here?"

"They have gone to the Meng summer home in the hills," Meng Kai replied, gaining calmness.

"And your servants? How many?"

"They, too, have gone," Meng said. "I am alone here."

The lieutenant nodded. "Perhaps it is better so. There may be trouble in the city for a few days, with looting and snipers. It will be safer that you do not show your face upon the streets. I leave this bamboo whistle with you. If you have need of help, blow it three times, and the soldiers on guard in the *hutung* will come to your aid instantly."

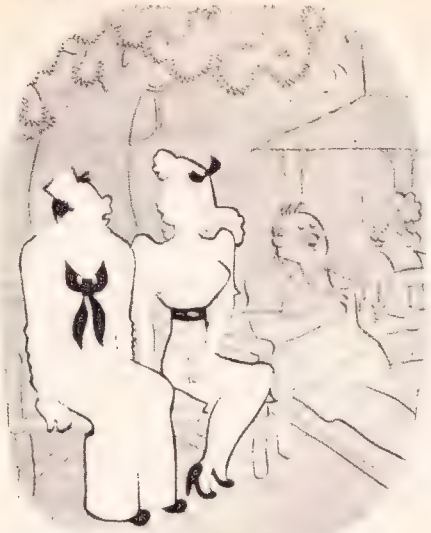
The squint-eyed lieutenant clicked his heels together, made a stiff-necked bow, and strutted out, followed by his men.

"By Tao, what a wondrous thing it is to be a man of wealth and power!" Meng Kai muttered. "As Meng the official I am treated by the enemy with courtesy and respect—as Meng the beggar I would be given a bellyful of cold steel."

But that day Meng Kai could find no pleasure in the quiet courts of that great house, for hour upon hour the air outside was filled with distant shots and cries and all the dreadful sounds of a defenseless city given over to destruction.

And Meng Kai wondered anxiously what

# THE HOME FRONT



"It feels stuffy out here. Let's go inside!"

was happening in Green Buddha Square, at the shop of Sang Poh the bookseller. Had the Japanese searched the shop? Had pretty little Mei-An fallen into the hands of these Brown Devils?

AND then, at the Hour of the Fox, there came a peremptory rapping at the gate. Uncertainty and fear seized upon Meng Kai again, but recalling the Japanese lieutenant's promise of protection, he took his lantern and unbarred the gate.

A smiling Japanese officer in immaculate uniform stood in the *hutung*, with two soldiers as escort.

"I am Colonel Otoyo," he said in crisp, faultless Chinese. "I come from General Sabukichi's headquarters." He stepped briskly through the gate, motioning to the two soldiers to remain outside. "Is there a room where we can speak together privately?"

"I—I am alone here," Meng Kai stammered. "We—we can go into the Hall of Elders."

"Excellent!" Colonel Otoyo said. "I would have come sooner, but I thought it wiser to wait for darkness." He gave a laugh as he added, "Such things may be overseen—and misunderstood."

In the Hall of Elders, Meng Kai set the lantern down upon a table. Colonel Otoyo glanced around at the furnishings with admiration.

"A charming room!" he said as he seated himself.

Then Colonel Otoyo's voice took on a more formal tone. "Meng Kai, I am instructed to bring you General Sabukichi's compliments—also a trifling gift as token of his friendship."

And Colonel Otoyo, drawing a wallet from his tunic, extracted a thick wad of banknotes — Japanese banknotes. Placing them before Meng Kai, he pressed down on them with his palm, giving a twist that made the notes spread out like a fan.

Meng Kai stared unbelievingly at the banknotes, his brain numbed by the magnitude of the sum spread before his eyes, and Colonel Otoyo laughed slily.

"You are astonished at General Sabukichi's generosity, not so? *Hoi!* We know how to reward our friends, even as we know how to punish our enemies! You have served us well, Meng Kai. It is a large sum, but the military information you have been furnishing us is well worth it. Indeed, without your valuable help we would still be fighting for Wan-Tok Pass—"

ISN'T IT THE TRUTH ?
By Ti-Jos
GOING OVER YOUR PRESS NOTICES, JOE?
WHY, NO! I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING TO GET IN THE PAPERS
THEN WHAT ARE ALL THE CLIPPINGS?
THIS ANTI-INFLATION CAMPAIGN
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SURE! EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT KEEPING PRICES DOWN!
BUT ARE THEY DOING ANYTHING?
WELL... I GUESS THEY MUST BE OR THE PRICE CEILING COULDN'T HAVE WORKED!
AND I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF THAT ISN'T THE MOST IMPORTANT THING ON THE HOME FRONT!
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Wan-Tok Pass! The name clanged and clamored like a gong in Meng Kai's brain. His memory called up the scene in the rice shop that day when Wang Gat the cobbler had made his angry tirade against treachery and betrayal—against the *han-giens* in high places.

By Tao, and it was his own namesake—Meng Kai the official—who was the Number One *han-gien!* It was Meng Kai who had betrayed Wan-Tok Pass, and so delivered his own city and half the province into the hands of these Brown Devils! Meng the beggar felt a tide of anger surge through him at this sudden realization.

Colonel Otoyo was leaning forward, smiling, tapping the sheaf of banknotes with his finger. "Remember, Meng Kai, there are more of these — many more — waiting to be earned. Now that their armies are beaten, the patriots of the province will organize into secret *ch'ons*. We will pay, and pay well, for a list of the *ch'on* officers."

Meng Kai stared as if hypnotized at the money spread before him. All he need do was make a false promise, pick up the money after Colonel Otoyo's departure, and escape. Here was money enough to buy a fine farm—aye, a dozen farms! Money enough to live the life of a white-button mandarin the rest of his days!

Colonel Otoyo stirred restlessly. "Well, what do you say, Meng Kai? Shall I tell General Sabukichi he may count upon you?"

Meng Kai raised his eyes from the money and stared directly at the Japanese officer. "I have nothing to sell you!" he announced harshly.

Something menacing in Meng's tone as well as in his words wiped the silky smile from Colonel Otoyo's lips. "*Hoi!* What is this you say?" he cried out, half rising.

Meng leaped to his feet, facing him, his thoughts clear, words racing to his tongue with ease and swiftness. "You speak to the wrong Meng Kai!" he shouted. "Aye, that is my name, but I am not Meng Kai the official—the traitor! I am only Meng Kai the beggar! I am of the *hsiao ren*—the little people, and I have a son who fights to defend the soil of Han from the cursed invader. Think you I could swallow rice bought with the blood of my own people?"

Colonel Otoyo's ears took in Meng Kai's words, but his eyes could see only the elegant and expensive mandarin robe, and his mind groped in bewilderment. "A beggar? A beggar?" he echoed stupidly.

"Aye, a beggar!" Meng Kai flung at him hotly. "A street beggar with a begging bowl! But before that I was a farmer, tending my own acres and bringing harm to no man. Then your Brown Devils came and killed my wife and drove me and my son forth upon the roads—"

Colonel Otoyo realized his danger then, and moved swiftly to meet it. But even as his hand snatched a pistol from its holster, the weapon was wrenched from his grasp, and a thin hand of steel closed upon his throat.

Colonel Otoyo's face turned dark with congested blood. His small eyes bulged, his swollen tongue hung out in a vain struggle for breath as the merciless minutes passed, and with a last convulsive shudder life departed. Only then did the hand of Meng Kai relax.

MENG KAI stood staring at the body, his anger still hot within him. Then, snatching up the lantern and the Japanese money, he strode from the room and went straight to the Meng Hall of Ancestors.

There he heaped the tainted wealth into the prayer bowl standing below the ancestral tablets, and set fire to it. And as the swift flames leaped and crackled he shouted, "May the evil smell of evil money make a stench in the nostrils of the ancestors of Meng Kai the *han-gien!* It is the unworthy joss of an unworthy son!"

He went quickly from the room then, and in the silken chamber of Meng the official angrily stripped off the mandarin robe, the velvet shoes, the velvet cap. Quickly he resumed his beggar's garb, and turned his back on the blue-tiled palace of treachery.

Aye, and now Meng Kai the betrayer would pay the full price of his treachery. Let him try to explain matters to his Brown Devil friends after those soldiers became impatient and entered the gate to find the dead body of Colonel Otoyo! Meng Kai the beggar had made of Meng Kai the traitor a doomed man, marked for swift death by the very enemy he had served. *Hai!* True justice, weighed out and balanced to a hair's breadth!

Silently Meng climbed a trellis at the rear wall of the compound. Silently he dropped down into the next *hutung* and crept along in its shadow, eyes and ears alert for Japanese patrols.

Slowly and cautiously he crept across the Inner City until he came to Green Buddha Square and the little shop of Sang Poh the bookseller. He breathed a sigh of relief when he saw that the shop of Sang Poh stood untouched, its wooden night shutters firmly in place.

Then Meng Kai sought out a near-by gateway of proper depth and shadow. He spread his mat, adjusted his pilgrim's wallet to serve as a pillow, and stretched out, relaxed, yawning. And looking across at Sang Poh's little shop, he wondered if a letter from his son Lee might have arrived during his absence.

If not, there would surely be a letter the next day, or the next. That there would be a letter sooner or later, Meng Kai did not have the slightest doubt. As though he could see into the future, he was certain that his son Lee would come home unharmed from the war and marry Mei-An, and present him with fine strong grandsons.

Meng Kai drowsed happily. Aye, these things would surely come to pass, even as the rice grows and the rivers flow to the sea. To the Lords of Destiny who had heard and answered the prayers of Meng Kai the beggar for a day of glory, such ordinary matters as long life and quiet happiness for the two young ones would be a simple affair indeed.

THE END

"Ted, didn't you make this bug spray too strong?"

# QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

## BY TED SHANE

**HORIZONTAL**

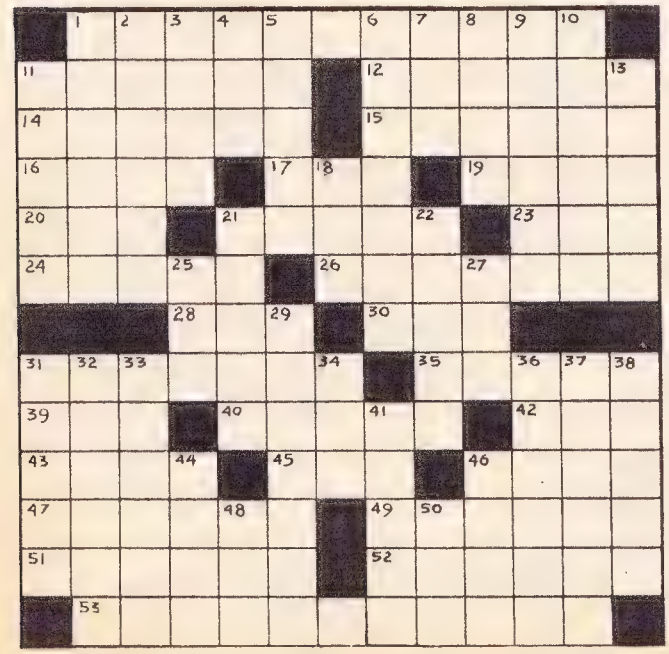
1 Shoeless Joe Jackson, Chief Bender, and Pop Anson were whats?
11 In the '20s women felt they had to choose between marriage and a what?
12 If Chopin wants you to play something smoothly, he marks it what?
14 What has never successfully sailed to England, but has from it?
15 Name a great French historical painter
16 Name the "Prince" of Russian opera
17 Who was a Paine in the neck to British Tories?
19 Because of his hands, what Indian deity would've made a great tax collector?
20 See I Chron. viii, 33
21 What slave became fabulous in world literature?
23 Doe of fallow deer in second year
24 Where do the Krupps do their krupping?
26 An analgesic and painkiller is called what?
28 Mel who is quite a Giant?
30 Complete this letter opener: "Dear Sir: —— cur!"
31 Whom would you pal politically with a Herzegovinian?
35 Both landlords and tenants are complaining about what these days?
39 What agency's in charge of wartime transportation?
40 Complete: —— de menthe
42 What agency did Congress recently almost snuff out (stupidly)?
43 The dog has given its what to weaving?
45 Bronx Park, N. Y., is famed for its what?
46 The stratosphere's also known as the great what?
47 Beethoven's Third is commonly known as the what Symphony?
49 What's to goad in present slang?
51 Name a Prime Minister of Republican Spain
52 Canaries have given their whats to singers?
53 Because of his oratory, whom would you tag the Churchill of old Greece?

**VERTICAL**

1 LSTs are invasion whats?
2 Medieval mails are called whats?
3 What king got the dirtiest deal in Shakespeare?
4 Complete: No European king —— his troops in action in this war
5 To yututuh-yututuh
6 What's known as the high cost of loving?
7 100 sen equal one what?
8 Turtleberries
9 A German who says he didn't hate the Nazis is a what?
10 What gent's name means a crown or garland? (var.)
11 Who wrote The Eternal City?
13 From what kind of orange tree did Indians make bows?
18 First name of famed lady Livingstone
21 Complete: —— Hay, by Aldous Huxley
22 American journalist and historiographer (1820-87)
25 A few million years of time
27 What kind of bill is given for "moneyless" advertising?
29 Whose popularity was hijacked by Superman?
31 What American envoy had great influence over Castro, ex-Venezuelan dictator, defied T. R., etc.?
32 Smelled up the joint
33 What's another word for foil?
34 Plotinus was tops in the what-platonic philosophy?
36 What Britain calls the old bean, we call the old what?
37 Serges and cashmeres are technically whats?
38 A tetrahexahedron has twenty-four whats?
41 A lunar what averages 29.53 days?
44 What kind of foundation garment is every woman interested in?
46 Name the pipe line to the blood bank
48 What's the left-wing American union?
50 Beforehanded palindrome

| | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| SOAP | | CHATS | | SOFA | | | | | | | | |
| PURE | | RAJAH | | QUID | | | | | | | | |
| ACID | | ORATE | | URSA | | | | | | | | |
| SHADOWER | | | | POINTS | | | | | | | | |
| | | LADS | | SHIN | | | | | | | | |
| ALDERS | | SHELTERS | | | | | | | | | | |
| PAIRS | | SOARS | | LIII | | | | | | | | |
| SUNS | | MOUND | | WAND | | | | | | | | |
| EGG | | SENSE | | TENSE | | | | | | | | |
| SHORTAGE | | GRADES | | | | | | | | | | |
| | | OATS | | FOOT | | | | | | | | |
| ABSORB | | BALDHEAD | | | | | | | | | | |
| RATS | | ADOLF | | ESNE | | | | | | | | |
| ABET | | LEASE | | RATE | | | | | | | | |
| BETS | | LITER | | SUER | | | | | | | | |

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.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# LIBERTY GOES

John Garfield, Eleanor Parker—prewar romance.

## PRIDE OF THE MARINES

*(Warner Brothers)*
*John Garfield, Eleanor Parker, Dane Clark*

AL SCHMID was a Philadelphia boy who joined the Marine Corps soon after war was declared. On Guadalcanal one night he crouched behind a machine gun and held Henderson Field by stopping a Jap advance in his sector. Schmid killed 200 Japs. He received a Navy Cross—and blindness—for his valor.

Pride of the Marines is the story of Al Schmid, who worked in a machine shop and enjoyed bowling, hunting, and a glass of beer. Al had a girl and, like millions of other boys, he was thinking of getting married and settling down when the war came along. He got into it, and came out full of bitterness. He rejected everything he had ever wanted when a Jap grenade made one night go on forever.

John Garfield makes a fine Al Schmid. Always a strong performer, he puts added sting in lines that spit glory in the dust when talk of war begins; and brings a welcome restraint to scenes which could have been badly overplayed.

Eleanor Parker is a refreshing romantic interest opposite Garfield. As Schmid's fiancée, she is up against a problem that is probably facing girls all over the country, and her solution is as good a one as any to recommend.

Dane Clark, as Lee Diamond, Schmid's gyrene side kick, never quite comes up to the toughness the real Diamond must have had. Talking through gritted teeth indicates ruggedness, but it must be tough to eat that way, and Clark never relaxes.

The action scenes there are just about as close as Hollywood can come to matching camera sights with gun sights. The romance is down to earth, the inspirational message valuable. It is a fine salute to Schmid of the Marines and good film fare

Al Schmid, blinded, dictates a bitter letter.

# TO THE MOVIES

Betty Hutton, Barry Fitzgerald—two Guinans.

## INCENDIARY BLONDE

*(Paramount)*
*Betty Hutton, Arturo De Cordova, Barry Fitzgerald*

MARY LOUISE "TEXAS" GUINAN was raised in a convent in Waco, Texas. She was a rodeo queen, appeared in a few silent films, skyrocketed to fame as a New York night-club hostess, and died at the height of her career.

Incendiary Blonde is supposed to be a biography of Texas Guinan's meteoric life, but just how close to fact the picture is will have to be judged by her friends. As entertainment, though, it's all there.

There's one reservation—you have to be a Betty Hutton fan to really enjoy this. Miss Hutton, as Miss Guinan, indulges in some very active acting. She shoots pistols, busts broncos, does trick riding, sings, does acrobatics, dances, and never has a dull moment.

Barry Fitzgerald is Mike Guinan, an Irish dreamer who watches his daughter grow into a national institution. His acting doesn't have the subtle shadings of his work in Going My Way, but it is Fitzgerald and, hot or cold, he's good.

Arturo De Cordova plays the "one man" in Texas' life. At the start of the film he's a shady gambler, and at the end he's a noble business gent who fights gangsters. Just where he reformed isn't quite clear, but De Cordova does the best he can with a confusing role, and his best has a nice polish.

The real Texas Guinan always said she wanted her funeral to be as bright as her life. The wake was to be held in a night club, there were to be fast cars with a police escort to the cemetery, and a jazz band to play at the burial. Incendiary Blonde is just the kind of rowdy tribute Texas would have enjoyed. And for Betty Hutton, Texas might have said, "Let's give the little girl a great big hand!"

It's "Hello, suckers!" now.

Arturo De Cordova and "Texas."


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MACDONALD'S
EXPORT
CIGARETTES
33 C.M.

# LITTLE CRICKET

## Continued from Page 24

She hurried upstairs to look at herself in her mirror, and Salvatore and Mario exchanged glances.

They did not see Clementina again until later that evening, when she came down with a red ribbon in her hair.

When the dinner hour was over, Mario came to the bar and leaned on one elbow. Clementina drew him a beer without being asked. "You're a pretty little cricket tonight," he said.

"You like my hair cut off, Mario?"

"Well, it's a change, Grilla."

"We have lots of changes," Clementina said. "Me with my hair and you with your manicures. Don't you think fifty cents is a lot to pay for a manicure, Mario?"

Mario looked at his nails but said nothing.

"I'll do it for twenty-five cents," Clementina said.

Mario stared at her, and she went on talking eagerly: "I bought the files and the orangewood sticks and a buffer, and I've been practicing, Mario. I promise you that for twenty-five cents you will have a very fine manicure, and it will save you so much money."

Mario chuckled and said, "Tina, you're a funny little cricket. What you gonna do next?" He walked away to a booth where a man was calling for his check.

"TINA, what'sa matter?" Salvatore said softly. "I think you jealous. I think you don't like this redhead girl. Don't you want her to make a living?"

"Papa," Clementina said, and turned her sober brown eyes up to him, "why should she want a husband thirty-five years old? She's young."

"Ah, Tina," Salvatore said, "you should learn to mind your own business."

"I don't want Mario to be unhappy," Clementina said. "Mario should get a nice girl like Rose Lugano. Rose would make a good wife for Mario."

Salvatore laughed and said, "Grilla, you mind your own business. You hear me?"

Mario returned. "What'sa big joke?"

"Mario," Salvatore said, "Tina has pick out a nice wife for you."

"No, papa!" Clementina said in a tone of anguish.

"Rose Lugano," Salvatore said. "She cooks good, Tina says. She can darn your socks. What you think, Mario?"

Mario grinned. "She's a good kid, Rose. But I pick my own wife, Grilla."

"So," Salvatore said, "Tina, you mind your own business. You hear me?"

"Yes, papa."

"O. K. Don't let me hear no more about it." Salvatore looked down at her. "I got here two bits. Let's see how good you can manicure."

Clementina kept her promise and said no more about Mario and Thelma, the redheaded manicurist, and she did not mention Rose Lugano again. But she saw Rose each day when she went for the bread, and each day she asked, "Rose, why don't you come in for a pizza?"

"Pretty soon, Tina," Rose said. "I eat too many pizzas. I'm on a diet now."

THREE days passed before Rose returned to Salvatore's Pizzeria, and the day she came was the same Thelma claimed the pizza Clementina had promised her.

Clementina saw Thelma coming and reached the door ahead of Mario. Thelma was her guest, so Clementina sat at the table with her, and Mario went to order the pizza. Salvatore watched them.

"It's good you came today," Clementina said. "Wednesday is not so busy, and maybe you'll get a chance to talk to Mario."

Thelma smiled at Clementina.

"Everybody likes Mario," Clementina said. "He's been papa's waiter for so long, ever since I can remember!"

"Sure," Thelma said. "I know all about Mario. In a barbershop the barbers bend the customers' ears and the customers spill everything they know to the manicurist."

"Older men talk more, I guess," Clementina said. "Isn't that so?"

Mario arrived with the pizza then, and set it down with a flourish in front of Thelma. When he had moved on to another table, Clementina whispered, "Mario's middle-aged. He's thirty-five."

Thelma laughed. "I suppose that does seem middle-aged when you're ten."

"It's just the middle," Clementina said. "It's just one half of threescore and ten, isn't it?"

"It sure is," Thelma said, still smiling. "What you got against middle-aged men?" she asked, studying Clementina with amusement. "Don't you like 'em mature?"

"I like Mario," Clementina said.

"Even if he's middle-aged?"

"Well, I've known Mario a long time," Clementina said. "He was young when I first knew him."

Thelma chuckled. "Myself, I'm a sucker for the worldly type like Mario."

"Mario's a waiter," Clementina said. "Waiters got to be like that."

Thelma lit a cigarette and her smile was teasing as she looked at Clementina. "Honey, you're going to be a holy terror when you grow up," she said. "You'll do O. K."

But Clementina was not listening. A plump girl had come to the door, and for an instant Clementina had not recognized her. She was Rose Lugano, but she had not stood hesitating in the doorway as Rose usually did. She had stood there with assurance. The change in Rose's manner impressed Clementina before she noticed the shiny black hair.

She jumped to her feet. "Look at Rose! She's bobbed her hair."

ROSE smiled at Clementina and walked slowly across to her usual booth. Mario stared at her.

"Rose, it's simply *swell!*" Clementina cried. "It looks wonderful."

Rose sat down. "If you could cut your hair, Tina, I thought why don't I? You like it?"

"A permanent, too," Clementina said. "Mario, look."

Mario nodded. "It looks good, Rose."

"She's on a diet, too," Clementina said.

The dark blush came again, and all at once Rose lost her assurance. She looked down at the tablecloth. Mario stood looking at her and nodding his head.

"You look pretty like that, Rose," he said, and his tone was kind. It was not the teasing voice he usually used with her.

Then they heard Thelma calling, "Ducky, can I have my check?"

Clementina spun around. "Oh, no. It's on the house. Remember, for the manicure?"

"Sure," Thelma said. "It was a good pizza, too." She smiled at Mario, opened her handbag, and felt for a coin. She put a quarter on the table.

"What's that?" Mario asked.

"Tip, of course."

"Now, look here," Mario said, "you don't tip me, Thelma."

"That's the way I do things," Thelma said. "You tip me, I'm going to tip you." She pushed the quarter across the table.

There was an odd light in Clementina's eyes. "Take the tip, Mario," she said. "You waited on the table, and you should get a tip."

"The pizza was on the house," Mario said.

"It was a trade for the manicure," said Thelma. "You've got nothing to do with it. It was between me and Clementina."

Mario was distressed. "Please," he said, "no tip."

"Ducky, it's the way I operate," Thelma said. "No special favors. You tip me, I'm going to tip you."

"Take the tip, Mario," Clementina said with shining eyes. "She's *married*, anyhow."

They both looked at her, and Clementina said, "I saw it when you opened your purse. Your wedding ring."

"What's this?" said Mario.

"Listen, little sharp eyes," Thelma said crisply. "You should learn not to meddle."

"I couldn't help it," Clementina said. "I just saw it, that's all."

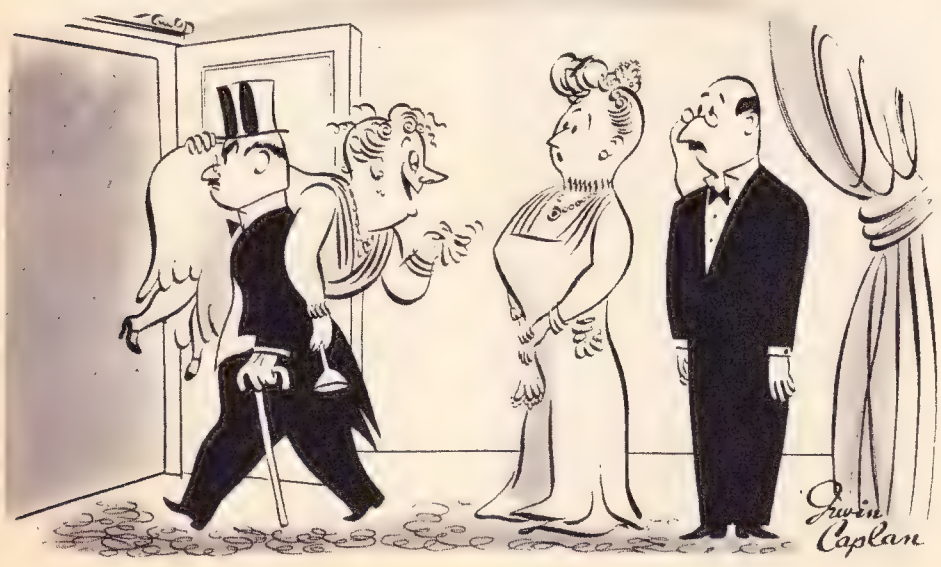
"O. K., you saw it," Mario said. "O. K., she's married. Don't make such a fuss."

Salvatore had watched the scene from the bar and came hurrying over in time to hear Thelma say, "What if I am married? They like a manicurist to be single, so I took the ring off my finger. I didn't expect anybody to go peeking in my handbag."

"Tina," Salvatore said, "upstairs!"

"But, papa—" Clementina began.

"Upstairs," Salvatore said. "You stay in your room. You don't come in the restau-




"Thank you very much—I don't remember when I've spent a lovelier evening!"

rant again until I say so. You hear me, Tina?"

"Yes, papa."

"Then upstairs!"

Her father had rarely spoken to her in such a tone and Clementina knew she must obey. She went to the stairs, but glanced back as she opened the door and saw that Rose Lugano had slipped miserably out of the restaurant.

For two days Clementina was barred from the pizzeria. Two solid days of her spring vacation were passed in their living quarters above the pizzeria, and she did not see Mario at all.

The customers of Salvatore's Pizzeria, who knew Clementina so well, inquired about her, and Mr. Delucca could not understand it. What had Clementina done, he asked, to merit such a punishment? The pizzeria was nothing without Clementina.

On the second day Salvatore gave in. He knocked on the door of Clementina's room and said, "O. K., Tina, you can come down now."

Instantly Clementina opened the door.

"You sorry, Tina, for what you done?"

"Yes, papa, I'm sorry."

"Go fetch the bread, then," Salvatore said, and patted her shoulder.

Clementina ran happily to the Lugano bakery. Rose was behind the counter, and Clementina thought that she was beautiful, with her shiny black hair.

"I came for the bread," Clementina said. "Rose, your hair's just as nice as I remembered it. You look fine, and Mario liked it, too, I think."

"Yes," Rose said. "I ought to thank your redhead friend, Tina."

"Thelma? Thank her for what, Rose?"

"Except for her, I never would of cut off my hair," Rose said. "Except for her, I wouldn't go to the movie Sunday night with Mario."

Clementina clapped her hands together. "Mario asked for a date?"

"Sunday night," Rose said, and smiled. "I got that redhead to thank, Tina, and I got you to thank, too."

"Don't thank me," Clementina said. "Mario should thank me, Rose, wrap up the bread. Hurry, please. I want to see Mario."

ROSE wrapped the bread and Clementina hastened to the pizzeria. It had been two long days.

She stepped through the door and said, "Hello, everybody," and smiled when Mr. Delucca said, "Tina, draw me a beer, please. For two days I ain't had a good glass of beer."

Tina went behind the bar to draw the beer.

Mario was at the end of the bar. He had not spoken and Clementina had not looked at him. She drew another beer, and then went to her small stool and sat down.

A slow grin came on Mario's face and he said almost shyly, "Hello, Clementina."

She got up from the stool and moved toward him, and her clear voice said, "Look what can happen in two days! Mario, your apron isn't clean."

Mario grinned sheepishly and took the apron off.

"And look at your fingernails," Clementina said, and smiled a little because they showed he had not been to the barbershop again. "Mario, you can't take your girl to the movies Sunday night with such fingernails. You need a manicure."

Mario's grin widened. "O. K., Grilla. I'll save some money. I'll have one of those twenty-five-cent manicures of yours."

"For two days I've been practicing," Clementina said in her level voice, and she was herself again. "My price is thirty-five cents now, Mario."

THE END

# WE WATCHED A BATTLESHIP DIE

Continued from Page 7

13,000 feet, but the low ceiling over the Jap fleet was hardly good dive-bombing weather.

Finally Houck spotted a hole that enabled him to lead the formation up to 4,500 feet—as high as they could go and still catch a glimpse of the target. Even then, it would disappear time after time, as the flight ducked in and out of clouds.

Houck gave the attack signal. First came the fighters, whistling down at better than six miles a minute, their guns pumping a torrent of .50-caliber bullets into the cruiser's topsides. Scarcely had their 500-pound bombs released when after them plunged the dive bombers, with 1,000-pounders. Led by their skipper, Lieutenant Tony F. Schneider of Hillsboro, Missouri, they hit the cruiser with no fewer than thirteen armor-piercing bombs, and dropped thirteen more close aboard.

The last bombs were still in the air when the seven torpedo planes came barreling down in two lines abreast at 300 miles an hour. It was a set-up. They couldn't miss a 600-foot-long cruiser lying motionless in the water. There were five splashes as five torpedoes dropped from open bomb bays. Two others failed to release. Straight for their mark ran all five, leaving wakes that ended in waterspouts against the cruiser's starboard side.

Lieutenant (j. g.) Steward Bass of Stevensville, Montana, who scored one of those lethal hits, recalls: "As I glanced back, I suddenly saw all five torpedoes hit —bang! bang! bang! bang! bang! For a moment, nothing seemed to happen. Then she began erupting. Flames belched through holes in her deck, and great holes were blown in her portside. In a matter of seconds the whole ship was enveloped in swirling clouds of smoke. When the smoke cleared, the cruiser had disappeared."

Even in their last moments, both the Yamato and the cruiser fought back furiously. Their antiaircraft fire was heavier than anything our pilots had encountered, even in their attacks on Tokyo.

As Stu Bass roared straight over the crippled ship, he could see that her main batteries had been wrecked and her deck was a twisted mass of wreckage. Yet that fiery rain of AA never relented until the ship collapsed.

As she rolled over and sank, five torpedo pilots could count their work done. Bass and Lieutenants (j. g.) Robert Fulton of Indiana, Pennsylvania; William Patterson of Norfolk, Virginia; Leon Frankel of St. Paul, Minnesota; and John Tarwater of Erie, Kansas, now saw the fruits of their handiwork. Two others soon discovered that their torpedoes had hung—Lieutenant Lee, the division leader, and Lieutenant (j. g.) John D. Page of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, who already was cursing the fate which had made today's mission his thirteenth combat hop and assigned him No. 13 position in the formation.

Neither pilot was ready to return to base with a torpedo. The destroyer which had guarded the cruiser was close by, and over the intraplane radio Page told his crewmen, "This may be our neck, but we're going down after that can." Lee, however, got the first crack at it. Not realizing that Page also had failed to release, he roared down in a solo run. "That run I'll never forget," Lee recalls. "The cruiser was bad enough, but then there had been seven of us and those Japs had to split their fire. But that can had me bore-sighted—and with nothing else to fire on.

"Once more I tried to release, but the torpedo wouldn't budge. I gave the emergency release another tug, but nothing happened. My heart sank when I realized I'd have to make still another run. As I flashed over the destroyer's bow, I could see the tracer spraying up, inching toward me. Just as it was about to intercept me, I'd jink a bit and dodge and twist. That would throw the gunners off for a moment, but then they'd pick me up again."

Lee pulled clear of the fire just in time

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to hear Page call out for fighter support, and saw him prepare to dive on the destroyer's starboard bow. Pulling his own plane up quickly into the clouds, Lee himself got set for a run on the port bow.

This time Page drew the bulk of the destroyer's fire. But he was dodging so violently that his gunner, Johnny Rodd of Watervliet, New York, declares, "Page had me bouncing around in that turret until I thought I'd be thrown clear out."

Both planes bore in to point-blank range before releasing, and this time both torpedoes dropped. There was an anxious moment, and then a puff of smoke and a waterspout on the starboard quarter near the after gun mount. Page had hit, but Lee's torpedo missed the frantically turning destroyer by a scant ten feet.

Looking back over their shoulders, Page and Lee caught a fleeting glimpse of their torpedoes, but they also saw something else: Down the cone of AA fire a Helldiver was plunging. The pilot, Lieutenant Harry Worley, had heard Page and Lee call for strafing help to cover their run. Although he already had dropped his bombs, he must have felt that he was in a better position to help than some of the fighters, so he had nosed over in his dive, with both his 20-mm. cannon raking the destroyer's decks.

Lee and Page saw the SB2C shudder in mid-air as the AA hit, and then twist sharply in a forty-five-degree change of course as Worley—perhaps in a dying gesture—tried to make a suicide run on the Jap destroyer. He crashed a few feet off her bow. With him went his gunner.

But the Japs had paid dearly for that one plane. As the flight headed for home, only six destroyers still floated. Four of these were dead in the water, two of them burning badly.

The ship lost no time taking her tired brood aboard that night. Some planes never could have made a second pass at the deck, for fuel tanks were running dry.

Lieutenant Tarwater, who landed with only twelve gallons left, declared, "Everybody was so happy that no one cared whether he had to ditch or not."

Bill Gibson, first pilot into the ready room, was grinning from ear to ear as he announced: "We sank a battleship! Honest, fellows! It blew up to the clouds!"

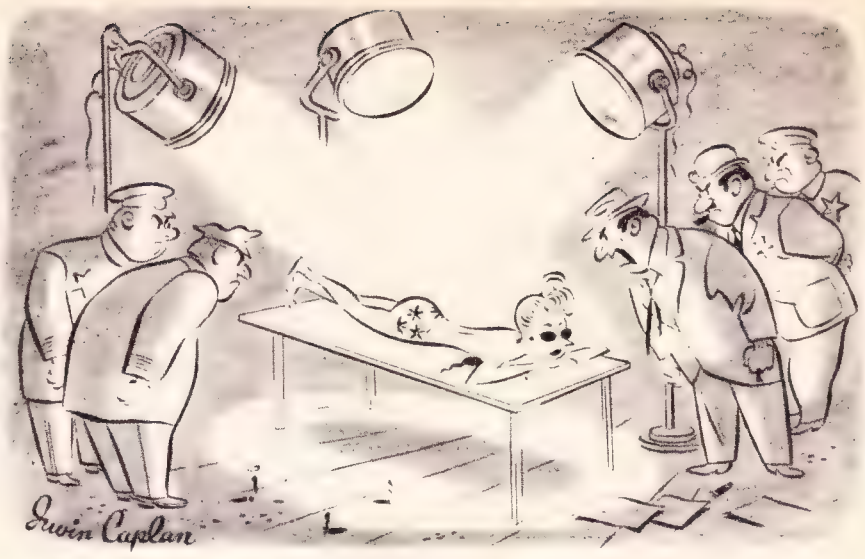
And then the others burst in and the ready room became a bedlam of jubilant voices. Soon the pictures came up from the photo lab, clear enough to confirm in vivid detail what the pilots had described.

In the air crewmen's ready room someone asked Page's gunner, Johnny Rodd, how it felt when the big battleship blew.

"Say, I wouldn't take a million bucks for what I saw," Rodd replied.

Because few men are privileged to watch the death of a battleship—the mightiest thing that floats.

THE END




"Quit stalling, Mrs. Simmons, who done it?"

## WILL PEACE BE WITH US?

Continued from Page 15

one thing, in most European countries the Communist Party was the root fiber of the underground; the Communist Party led the resistance to the Nazis, and in some cases was the *only* group with the guts, faith, and discipline to endure; hence its prestige and political power are greatly enhanced in the liberated areas.

For another thing, most of those who stayed inside Europe during the holocaust —who had to stay inside—were the poor, the underprivileged, the underpossessed. Their tendencies were, and are, leftist, and inevitably they now tend to support people's governments which are—or will be —friendly to the Soviet Union.

The Russians don't *need* to expand by conquest, since they have all the land they can possibly use anyway, or so at least it would seem. Nor do they *need* to incite revolutionary turmoil in Europe, since most of the continent is strongly sympathetic to them already. Thus, Moscow may henceforth actively *favor* the development of democratic and quasi-democratic regimes throughout western Europe, paradoxical as this may seem. To attempt to install an outright Communist government in Italy or France (though both these countries *may* go Communist some day) would, in effect, impede rather than assist the Russian program at the moment. It might seriously upset the delicate equilibrium of Russian domestic politics, and it would annoy and alarm Great Britain and the United States. But, also, installation of such revolutionary governments is hardly necessary at the moment, because the Communist Party will as a rule be the most important single faction in any People's Front government that may emerge.

The Russians thus have it both ways, since by encouraging the development of "democracy" they are at the same time encouraging the development of their own system. Heads I win, tails you lose. They will not favor "democracy" because they like our beautiful blue eyes, but because the Communist Party will be free to grow and expand legally under a democratic regime. Hence, if Stalin and the moderates remain dominant in the U. S. S. R., our chief bogey, fear of overt revolutionary Communism, is not likely to materialize.

7. The Russians think in Oriental terms, and cannot be "trusted." This of course is a bush-league view. Plenty of Russians are Orientals; but they often behave in character patterns unfamiliar to us mainly because their attitudes are rigidly based on a different philosophy, that of Marx and Lenin. When, in financial matters, the Russians do deal with our capitalist world outside, they more than meet us on our own ground. There has never been a Russian loan or trade agreement not paid for.

This brings up a relevant issue: that the Russians hope to get vast credits from the United States. The astronomical sum of six billion dollars has been mentioned to cover the need for reconstruction on an immense scale. Only the United States can help in a really big way, and therefore it will be to the Russian interest, if rational people are in charge in Moscow, not to alienate foreign good will.

A word on lend-lease. Some U. S. Russophobes attempt these days to depreciate the Russian war achievement on the ground that it was made possible in part by U. S. matériel. This is an attitude appropriate to those who think in terms of money rather than of American lives saved.

So to conclude. Can we get along with Russia? To do so will take patience, strength, tolerance, good will, intelligence. The alternative is chaos, political disruption of two hemispheres, death to everything we believe in, and a third world war which our institutions—for which we would presumably be fighting—could not possibly survive. The only road to peace is via good relations between Moscow, Washington, and London. *Can* we get along? Anybody who prefers peace to war should know the answer. Why not try?

THE END

WHAT LAXATIVE do YOU USE?

It pays to choose a *good* laxative —one that will help correct irregularity safely, gently and effectively. Lazy Liver Pills are that kind—a purely vegetable pill that helps to make you regular and rid you of that sour, slowed-down feeling.

*Ask your druggist for a package of Lazy Liver Pills or send 25c (in stamps or coins) to Dept. P.A., National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada Limited, Montreal.*

LAZY-LIVER PILLS

# BACK TO CIVVY STREET

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of Canada's Armed Forces and their families and friends. It is intended to help them find the answers to questions they may ask concerning re-establishment in civilian life. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: Back to Civvy Street, c/o Liberty, 85 Richmond Street West, Toronto (1), Ontario.

* * *

EFFORTS of unscrupulous promoters to defraud ex-service men and women of their Gratuities and Re-establishment Credits have been so insistent and so widespread that the Department of Veterans' Affairs has seen fit to publish official warnings against such promoters.

The most common schemes to milk veterans of their hard-earned funds still concern automobiles, business establishments for sale, and homes. However, there are dozens of minor variations and there will undoubtedly be plenty more. Your best protection against them is to be doubly careful in all business dealings. Sign no documents involving your war service grants or Re-establishment Credits until you have consulted the officials of the Department of Veterans' Affairs. It is specially equipped to give you sound, honest advice concerning your plans.

If you or any of your friends have already had an unfortunate experience with some sharper who has defrauded you or attempted to defraud you, get in touch with the Department immediately. Officials are anxious to get all the information they can on the gyp schemes that are being practiced, so that they can take action to recover money that has been fraudulently obtained and also see that legal action is taken against the gyp artists.

You've earned your Gratuities the hard way, and so has every other man and woman who's getting them. Protect yourself and your comrades by being careful in your business dealings and by helping to stop crooked schemes wherever and however you can.

* * *

I am still serving with the R. C. A. F. but am interested in taking a Pharmacist's Course, if and when I obtain my discharge. What qualifications are required, and are such courses available to ex-servicemen?

On completion of my course I would like to set up a little business of my own. Would I be granted a Re-establishment Credit, like the war service Gratuity?

What amount of service Gratuity am I presently entitled to, having enlisted in the R. C. A. F. in August, 1939, serving overseas from June, 1940, to January, 1943, and now having twenty-nine months service in Canada?

*Sergeant.*

**The requirements for entrance in a Pharmacy Course vary from province to province too widely for outline in this column. You should therefore write to The Canadian Pharmaceutical Association, 100 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ont., asking for a list of the qualifications required by the province in which you intend to take the course.**

**Up to the present time you would appear to be eligible for a basic Gratuity of about $550, a supplementary Gratuity of about thirty-six days' pay and allowances of the rank you hold at discharge and a Re-establishment Credit equal to your basic Gratuity.**

**The Re-establishment Credit, however, is an alternative to training and benefits under the Veterans' Land Act. If your proposed Pharmacy Course is authorized under the Post-Discharge Re-establishment Order and the benefits you receive in respect to that course equal or exceed the amount of your Credit, no Credit will be available for establishing your business. However, there is nothing to prevent you from saving your Gratuity checks and using them when you have completed your course.**

* * *

My husband is a sergeant in the Canadian Active Army. He has been in the Army five years and, through no fault of his own, has never been overseas. Will he be entitled to the same grants and privileges as an overseas man upon discharge? And will he be discharged along with overseas men on the basis of the "first in, first out" plan?

*Soldier's Wife.*

**As your husband is on active service he is eligible for the same benefits under the rehabilitation program as he would have been had he served overseas, with the exception, of course, that his Gratuities and Re-establishment Credit will not be so high. Also, if he is discharged on medical grounds, he will not be eligible for a pension unless his disability was directly caused or aggravated by service.**

**His place in the discharge stream will be determined, under normal conditions, by his "score." This score is calculated on the basis of two points for each month of service in Canada and three for each month of service overseas. A married man may add 20 per cent to his score.**

* * *

I would like information regarding the Re-establishment Credit. I was in the R. C. A. F. (W. D.) for 271 days; served in Canada only; discharged, medically unfit, December 14, 1943.

I wish to buy some furniture for light housekeeping and would like to know if I am eligible and how much I could buy. I have applied for the Gratuity Grant.

*Ex-W. D.*

**You would appear to be eligible for a Re-establishment Credit of about $65. You may use this credit to assist you to purchase the furniture desired. Application for your credit is made through the Supervisor of Re-establishment Credits at the nearest Rehabilitation Center. Where the amount is less than $90, it may be paid directly to you upon your assurance that it is to be used for one or more of the purposes included in the War Service Grants Act.**

* * *

I served 318 days in Canada, being discharged because of poor vision. Would it be possible for me to obtain a veteran's loan to complete a home I am building on a small holding which I have acquired, or does it require one year's service?

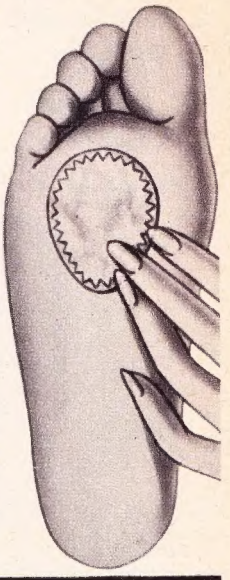
*Sapper, R. C. E.*

**The minimum service required for qualification under the Veterans' Land Act is (1) Service overseas, (2) Twelve months' service in Canada, or (3) A disability pension. It would not appear from your letter that you are able to meet those qualications.**

**It is unlikely, therefore, that you are eligible for any assistance under the Veterans' Land Act to complete your house. However, you appear to be eligible for a Re-establishment Credit of about $75 which you could use.**


# Callouses

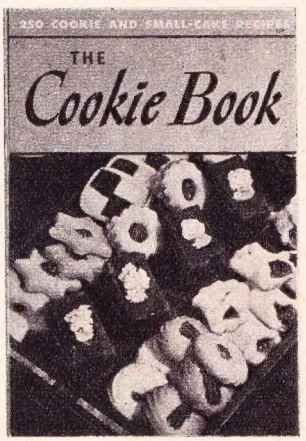
**Burning, Tenderness On Bottom Of Feet So Quickly Relieved, You'll Marvel**



YOU forget you have callouses, burning sensations or tenderness at the bottom of your foot — when you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These thin, downy-soft, soothing, cushioning, protective pads instantly relieve painful pressure on the sensitive spot. Help prevent callouses if used at first sign of soreness.

Separate *Medications* included with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for quickly removing callouses. Cost but a trifle. Get a box today at your Drug, Shoe, Department Store or Toilet Goods Counter. Insist on Dr. Scholl's.

**Dr Scholl's Zino-pads**




The Cookie Book tells all you need to know about 250 cookie and small-cake recipes. Only 25c at your nearest newsstand—or send money to Liberty Distributing Service, Room 724, 85 Richmond St. West, Toronto (1), Ont.

SEPT. 1, 1945

J. L. RUTLEDGE
*Publisher*

C. J. HARRIS
*Editor*

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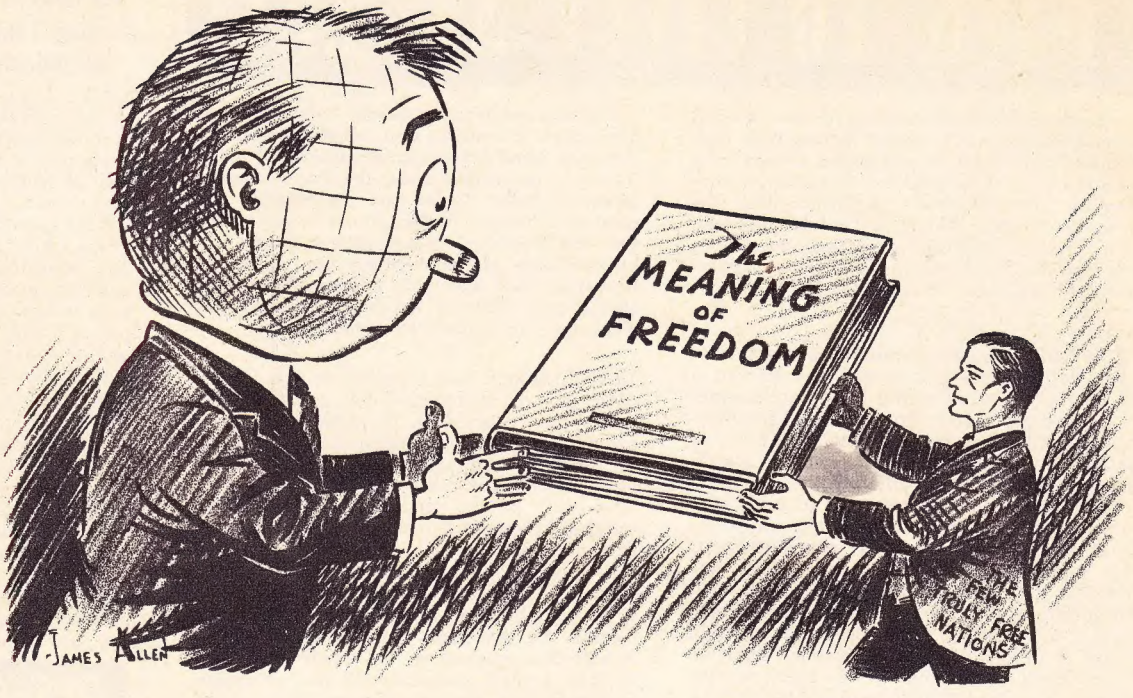


# WHAT IS FREEDOM?

THROUGH all the ages men have yearned for freedom, valuing it the more the less they had of it. Often enough they have had small understanding of what it was and what it entailed. Freedom has been the cry of the ignorant and vicious as well as of men of good will. The ignorant and misguided sometimes conceived a freedom that was for them alone, the freedom to take freedom from someone else. The vicious have thought of it as an easy catch phrase that they could use to becloud their devious ends. So it behooves us to get our thinking clear and, especially in these days when we are hoping to make a free world, to know what freedom is and what are its obligations.

Winston Churchill, who has fought for liberty as long and as valiantly as any man in history, who has had more power than most to put thoughts into graphic words, has outlined seven tests which suggest the essentials that any nation must have if it is to be truly free. They were jotted down as a rough guide when he was considering the vexed problems of the Balkans that have so frequently jeopardized the peace of Europe.

They are worth consideration, not only because of the world problems that face us but lest sometime in our own somewhat confused thinking we might find Canada straying from this cool appraisal of the essentials of freedom. These then are the testing questions:

Is there the right to free expression of opinion, and of opposition and criticism of the government of the day?

Have the people the right to turn out a government of which they disapprove, and are constitutional means provided by which they can make their will apparent?

Are there courts of justice free from violence by the Executive, and free of all threat of mob violence and all association with any particular political parties?

Will these courts administer open and well-established laws which are associated in the human mind with the broad principles of decency and justice?

Will there be fair play for poor as well as for rich, for private persons as well as government officials?

Will the rights of the individual, subject to his duties to the State, be maintained and ascertained and exalted?

Is the ordinary peasant or workman, earning a living by daily toil and striving to bring up a family, free from the fear that some grim police organization under the control of a single party, like the Gestapo started by the Nazi and Fascist parties, will tap him on the shoulder and will pack him off without fair or open trial to bondage or ill-treatment?

These are the conditions of national freedom.

As we check them against a world of nations, it is very easy to realize how few nations there are that can answer yes to every test.

It is not difficult to realize how easily some of these essentials might be lost to us. And it is easier to understand the long process of education that must intervene before all countries can join with the democracies of the English tongue as truly free nations and truly free men.

Joseph Lister Rutledge

Liberty
... FOR ALL

"WHO - ME?"

*"...Give me a hand to grow big 'n' strong"*

A Community is as strong as its general welfare. Make your community strong.
Give generous support to your local **COMMUNITY WELFARE FUND.**

*This page is contributed to the Canadian Welfare Council by the publishers of Liberty.*

Monday
SEPT.
3rd
Labour Day

# How's your sock supply?

There's a holiday week-end coming . . . and then Summer is going to be over. It's high time, men, to see you've got enough Mercury sox for fall. Just one look at these all-wool "*Argylle Brogues*" and you'll KNOW they're for you! Yes, you can get these comfortable, tailor-knit sox in either anklet size or full length. Look for the name Mercury. Mercury Mills Limited, Hamilton, Ontario.



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